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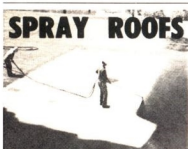
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On Choosing Our New Leader

To the Editors:

Your cover [June 21] says: "Our Next President (Pick One)." I say: No thanks.

Howard Evan Ignal
Weston, Conn.

Where are the men of heroic proportions, soul-stirring, uniquely gifted, magnetic in inspiration, who can truly personify the leadership necessary to keep the U.S. strong and worthy of world esteem?

There must be a "knight in shining armor" waiting in the wings of the political arena to truly inspire the American people.

Allan M. Pitkanen
Northridge, Calif.

How did you ever do it? In your cover picture of the candidates you have a



pose of Reagan looking sincere. Ford looking intelligent and Carter with his mouth shut.

Shirley K. De Groot
Eureka, Ill.

Come November, it will be the liberals, not the conservatives, supporting Carter. When Jimmy Carter starts talking issues, it will be revealed that the only thing Southern about Jimmy Carter is that he is from Georgia and has a Southern accent.

I think I am a typical Southerner, moderate to conservative, and we cannot identify with or support the proposed Democratic platform or Jimmy Carter. Only a Reagan-Connally or a Reagan-Ford ticket can hope to win the South.

Tommy Thompson
Stone Mountain, Ga.

As I studied the face of Jimmy Carter on the cover, these words suggested themselves: seriousness, humili-

ty, gentleness, thoughtfulness, warmth, trustworthiness, strength, compassion, concern.

What more could we ask for in a President of the United States?

Edwin O. Kennedy
South Orange, N.J.

When it comes to the issues, Jimmy Carter is as fuzzy as a Georgia peach.

Shawn Burke
St. Simons Island, Ga.

Carter's courting of the Jewish vote should bring a cry for equal time from the Catholics of America—his fundamentalist, evangelical "born again" Christianity is as foreign to us as it is to the Jews.

Ron Rothmeyer
Dallas

Now if Jimmy Carter chose Jerry Ford for his running mate...

Wallace R. Seder
Beverly, Mass.

Help for the Drowning

I recall reading that S.I. Hayakawa [June 21] once suggested that, if a man were drowning 50 feet from shore, a Republican would throw him a 25-ft. rope and tell him to swim to the other end of the rope because it would be good for his character, whereas the Democrat would throw him a 100-ft. rope and run off looking for others to save.

A modern Republican would throw one end of the 25-ft. rope to a man in a rapidly rising hot-air balloon with the faith that the other end would trickle down automatically to help the drowning man.

Paul R. Shires
Milwaukee

Congressional Capers

Re the congressional sex scandal [June 21]: it appears that certain members of Congress have finally adopted the hippie slogan of the '60s: "Make Love, Not War!"

Jon O. Carlson
Mount Vernon, Ind.

Geel! If I had known how much fun it was going to be, I would have run for Congress years ago.

Donald W. Kingman
Forest Park, Ill.

The self-serving cynicism of elected officials can be temporarily halted by simply voting every incumbent out. If there is a good apple in the smelly Government barrel, it's probably a kindness

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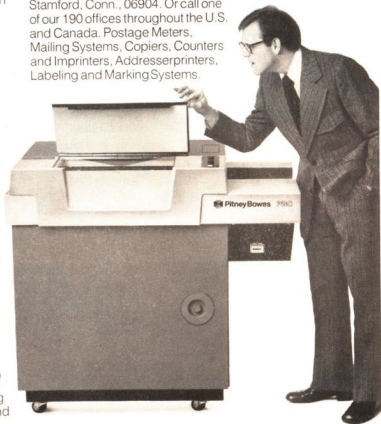
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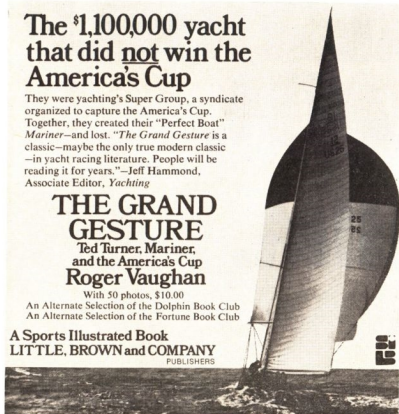
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to get rid of him before he turns bad anyhow.

Besides, he needs to get out and rediscovers his sense of smell.

Marjorie L. Reedy
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Those Swell Drivers

During my stay in New York City last November I was using around a dozen taxis a day. In every case the drivers were quick, friendly, and headed for short cuts, often apologizing for pitted roads [June 21]. I always got a smile.

New York taxi drivers, I think you're swell.

Nigel Morland
Felpham, England

You castigate the New York City taxicab service. Admittedly, New York taxicabs are often dirty and sometimes the drivers are impolite. Nevertheless, in New York you can hail a taxi anytime you wish and be taken to where you want to go.

In Chicago, if you hail a taxicab, the driver stops and tells you where he wants to go. If you are fortunate, and his destination coincides with where you want to go, he will take you.

Louis D. Statham
Lone Pine, Calif.

Him? Her? It?

The Loch Ness Monster [June 21] is one of the few intriguing riddles left to speculate over. New York Times, leave it (him? her?) alone!

I and many others prefer not knowing the solution.

Richard Swerdlow
Sacramento, Calif.

To Understand

I must disagree with your statement that deaf students learn to lip-read "theoretically to make their handicap as unnoticeable as possible" [June 14]. They learn to lip read in order to understand speech. Salespeople, waitresses, bank tellers, etc. do not communicate with sign language.

Through lip reading and the use of residual hearing amplified by a hearing aid, many deaf people can communicate with hearing people—not only with other deaf people.

Linda J. Polter
Monroe County Program
for the Hearing Impaired, Ida, Mich.

Adoption Tangle

In your story "The Bitter Legacy of the Baby" [May 24], you identify me as "Lisa Brodyaga, 35, a lawyer in San Jose, Calif., who has adopted" My Hang. I cannot adopt My Hang, because, among other things, she may have blood relatives in Viet Nam who have not consented in writing to her adoption. My

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struggle over the past year has been to force the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the State Department and the private agencies who executed the "Orphan" Airlift to untangle the legal and human mess in the wake of the propaganda blitz.

More than a year after learning that My Hang may have living family in Viet Nam, I have made no progress toward locating them. Several hundred children are in situations similar to My Hang's. In some cases, name and address of parents are known, and it is clear that the parents never consented to the taking of their children. Even as to these children, INS, the State Department and the adoption agencies refuse to permit tracing of the families by the International Red Cross.

If the goal of federal agencies is to prevent the return of any of the children to Viet Nam, their position is remarkably effective.

*Lisa S. Brodyaga
San Jose, Calif.*

On Bumping

Ralph Nader's "victory" [June 21] is not a victory for the rest of the flying public, who will eventually pay the \$50,061 because the consumer always eventually pays for everything. The ruling does not go to the root of the problem. Airlines overbook because of no-shows,

and no-shows occur because the practice is not penalized.

Passengers who do not have the decency to cancel unwanted reservations, or at least send word that they will board five minutes before takeoff, are contributing to unfilled planes and higher fares. A penalty for no-shows is the only rational solution.

*George Vogel
Newton, Mass.*

I have always applauded Mr. Nader as the consumer's advocate, but having spent several years sweating away as a travel agent, I have no sympathy for his being bumped.

Why couldn't he have scheduled his rallies farther apart so as to avoid getting to the airport so late? No one has any business (barring emergencies) arriving so soon before takeoff. Not even Mr. Nader.

*Karoline E. Esquivel
Houston*

Forget Democracy

When a nation has to battle for its very survival, concepts such as democracy don't mean very much to its people [June 21]. The last thing India needs today is a return to the pre-emergency chaos. Mrs. Gandhi has done more to move India forward than any previous leader (including her illustrious father

Jawaharlal Nehru) did since independence. Let's hope she continues to do so — elections or no elections.

*Umay Gupta
Cleveland*

You say India could have achieved what it has without resorting to such "drastic emergency action," that this would have been possible by means of a "stronger leadership." This is strong leadership. It is the end that counts, not the means. Having been in India recently, I can say that compared to repressive regimes, India can hardly be said to have an oppressive government.

*Sanjay Modak
Englewood, N.J.*

Death Warrant?

I am glad you put that question mark after the headline "Booze for Alcoholics?" [June 21]. What Rand scientists say may be possible, but for hundreds of alcoholics it is risky as hell.

It could be a death warrant. I do not know of a single alcoholic who has successfully gone back to "social" drinking. I have known many who tried.

*Judd H. Black
Rochester*

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Other thoughtful people point to the essentiality of minerals. We must have them for transportation, communications, for food production, houses. And we can only mine these minerals where they are found. We could, it's true, import more of our minerals. But this just moves the problem into someone else's back yard. And ignores the economics of developing our own natural wealth.

What can we do? We must have minerals. So we must have mines. But we must also protect the environment.

We can't mine everywhere. But we should, as a people, support land use decisions that realistically balance economic, social and environmental needs. Decisions that seek greater U.S. mineral self-sufficiency by opening all our lands to exploration and possible development. And we must be willing to pay the price of restoring them to other useful purposes when mining is finished.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE July 12, 1976

Vol. 108, No. 2

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

The Iron Within

The climax of jubilation finally came and went. Would the rest of the year be an anticlimax? Perhaps, but it also might provide some time for further reflection and attention to some omissions. Despite the bestselling 1876, remarkably little was said or remembered about America's Centennial celebration. The occasion a century ago was exuberant, boisterous and, above all, confident. Amid the Philadelphia Exhibition's 13 acres of new, awe-inspiring machinery, President Grant pulled a lever to release the first jet of steam and tens of thousands of Americans oohed and aahed: wool was combed, water was pumped, newspapers were printed, cloth was sewn, shoes were stitched together. More in keeping with the public mood, Author William Dean Howells exulted: "It is in these things of iron and steel that the national genius most freely speaks."

In this year's Bicentennial celebration, thoughtful commentators were not boasting of iron and steel—or computers and rockets—the outward manifestations of national power. They were preoccupied with the inner nation. Does it still contain the iron and steel of character necessary to maintain the American enterprise? Many fear that the U.S. has been fatally weakened by its material success. It is certainly possible to find signs of satiety, decadence and disorder. But the evidence points

more strongly to a new optimism, and to an occasionally grim determination to be harder on ourselves, clearly underlined by the Supreme Court's ruling upholding the death penalty (see THE LAW).

Henry Adams' obsession with the dynamo remains an essential element of the American spirit. Yet in their inward-looking mood, Americans in 1976 are urgently trying to recover things that were taken for granted in 1876.

Toward the Tricentennial

As part of last week's ceremonies, President Ford opened an antique safe that had been filled with mementos of the 1870s. The contents—autographs, photographs, inkstands, a book on temperance—limned a more circumscribed and monochrome period. For the 2076 Tricentennial, many Americans are cramming time capsules with different ingredients, including credit cards, picket signs and whole automobiles.

There are other objects that could convey to future Americans the majesty and the trivia, the glory and the pity of the current era. Some proposals: a laser rod and a citizen's band radio; the Pill and Gatorade; a shoe from Natalia Makarova and a Frisbee; a Beatles' record and a segment from the Watergate tapes; a Big Mac hamburger and a chunk of moon rock. It says something about the vitality, not to say incoherence of the times, that the list could be endless—and fascinating in its contrasts.

The Other Revolution

Karl Marx was never satisfied with the American Revolution. In the 1850s he expected another momentarily. For Marx and many later observers, the colonies' uprising was a "conservative" revolution that failed to make radical shifts in social and economic relations. Perhaps not at the time. But, above all, the American Revolution presented the world with a daring concept: the right of people to choose their own form of government. When Marx's revolution finally occurred in Russia, exactly the opposite principle was established: an elite was given the power to choose the government for the people. That this example has been so widely copied is perhaps an indication that it is easier to rule people autocratically than to reason with them.

Looking around the globe, we would conclude that the current descendants of the early Americans are outnumbered by the contemporary children of the Marxist revolution.

Yet when the representatives of 29 European Communist parties met in East Berlin last week (see THE WORLD), many of the leaders not only ringingly announced their independence from Moscow but insisted that in the West, at least, the only way of gaining power was through reliance on a magic word. The word is democracy, which Western European Communists now claim to espouse. It was in its own way quite a tribute to that conservative revolution.



THE NATION

DEMOCRATS

Shall We Gather at the Hudson River?

The Democratic Party fairly shines with the inner peace of the born-again. The presidential candidate, Jimmy Carter, awaits only his official anointment next Wednesday, July 14, at Madison Square Garden. Not since 1964 have all factions of the party been so purposefully unified. The New York City convention promises all the controversy of a riverside baptism in south Georgia. But as Party Chairman Robert Strauss says serenely, "It can't get too dull for me. I've tried it the other way, and I like this a lot better."

"The other way" is still a wincingly painful memory for Democrats: the nightsticks flailing in a fog of tear gas along Chicago's Michigan Avenue in 1968, the armies of the young hurling obscenities across the police barricades; or in 1972, the civil war inside the Miami Beach convention hall as the party broke apart over gay rights, abortion, credentials challenges, tax reform and the candidacy of George McGovern, who delivered his acceptance speech over the smoking wreckage at 3 a.m.

Barring the wildly unforeseen, there will be none of that at the Garden. The chief suspense is now focused on Carter's choice for his running mate (see story page 12). Says Political Analyst Ben Wattenberg: "The war's over."

The Democrats, having been out in the cold for eight years, are so confident that they are cautioning each other, as Lincoln once said, not to "cackle until the egg is laid." With Viet Nam over and factions muted by quieter times as well as party reforms, no serious ideological issues divide the Democrats. Now, as Mark Siegel, a Strauss aide, observes, "there's a desire—it's almost a lust—to come together and win. Most of us hold ourselves almost personally responsible for eight years of Nixon and Ford."

In such a spirit of amity, the 5,000 delegates and alternates may find their chief excitement outside the Garden, in the Big Apple that is playing host to its first Democratic Convention since the monstrous marathon of 1924, when John W. Davis won on the 103rd ballot.

No Contests. The Democrats' unity this year is in part the result of a bitter, twelve-year party reform. It began when a delegation of blacks from Mississippi's Freedom Democratic Party challenged the white Mississippi regulars at Atlantic City in 1964. The battle to open the party's processes to women, blacks and other underrepresented groups was stepped up following the 1968 convention. Now it has begun to pay off, and the party seems to be settling into a sound working relationship

with its factions. Four years ago, challenges hung over the heads of 40% of the delegates to Miami Beach. This year there will be no contests over seating.

Not everyone is entirely happy. The Democratic "quotas" of 1972 were replaced by state plans guaranteeing only affirmative action—an equal chance for all to participate. The numbers of women delegates are expected to be down slightly—from 38% in 1972 to around 34% now. In 1972, 15% of the delegates were black; this year the figure will be about 11%. "Many blacks find this year's results totally unacceptable," complains Frank Cowan, the party's director of minority affairs. Despite such dissatisfaction, the note of shrillness and deep grievance has left the party.

Much of the credit belongs to Carter, whose clear triumph through the primaries has given him a popular legitimacy transcending factions. Another hero is Chairman Strauss, the shrewd and decent Texas lawyer with a gift for keeping horses of different gaits in harness. Three and a half years ago, Strauss took over a party that, in Mr. Dooley's crack, was not on speaking terms with itself. The party's liberal wing distrusted Strauss as a Texan who walked a line to the right of center. But he has proved to be one of the most effective chair-

men in memory—an excellent fund raiser and conciliatory referee.

The Personalities. Among the other top personalities in the convention's cast next week:

JOHN GLENN, 54, freshman Senator from Ohio, who will be one of the two keynote speakers. Glenn, the first man to orbit the earth, is obviously accustomed to performing with the world's eyes and ears focused on him. It took him three tries before he landed his Senate seat in 1974. Since then, he has been a hard-working centrist. In his debut as a national political figure, Glenn will sound an inspirational note. With his familiar face, his easy, Eisenhower-like smile and technocrat's precise mind, Glenn is a major contender for second place on Carter's ticket.

BARBARA JORDAN, 40, the Texas Congresswoman who will be the second keynote. Daughter of a Baptist preacher in Houston, Lawyer Jordan won national attention with her solemnly impressive eloquence during the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment hearings two years ago. As a black and a woman, she represents a new tide in politics, but she also plays old-fashioned politics with considerable skill.



BARBARA JORDAN



WENDELL ANDERSON

While Glenn takes a broad, nonpartisan approach, Jordan is expected to remind the convention and nation of all the Democrats have accomplished and stand for.

LINDY BOGGS, 60, the Louisiana Congresswoman who will serve as chairperson of the proceedings. Corinne Claiborne Boggs was elected in 1973 to fill the seat held for years by her husband, House Majority Leader Hale Boggs, after he disappeared in a plane over Alas-

ka. Though she was born on a plantation and has something of the manner of a Southern belle, Lindy Boggs is an astute politician. She has been elected twice to the House by overwhelming majorities. She began her political career as a Democratic precinct captain in 1938, managed her husband's campaigns and will be attending her seventh convention. Boggs is breaking the sex barrier as permanent chairman. Says she: "I have great training and

Letter from a Delegate

Dear Letty,

Here we are in Sodom on Hudson a few days ahead of the convention, and I've never felt safer in my life. You know how we worried that Jimmy Carter may not have brought love and goodness to New York City and we delegates to the Democratic Convention might get into so much trouble that we'd turn Republican. Well, it just isn't like that. Every day of the convention the delegates and alternates—more than 5,000 of us—will be taken in buses from our hotels to Madison Square Garden. Then, after the session is over late at

night, we will be bused back again. I sure don't mind that kind of busing—I guess.

At Madison Square, you see police everywhere, and some you don't see. Before he was indicted for selling a judgeship and tampering with evidence, Pat Cunningham, who was the New York State Democratic chairman, told people: "When you come out of the Garden at night, you will see some very strange people on the street. But don't worry. You'll be perfectly safe. Two out of three of them will be police undercover men." Assistant Chief Inspector Daniel Courtenay, a burly man who wears a gun in an ankle holster like Popeye Doyle, is in charge of a ten-square-block area around convention hall. He has 1,200 police who have taken a quickie course in crowd control and what they call "crisis intervention." He also has four specially trained dogs. Every day before the delegates arrive, the dogs will sweep the convention center from top to bottom to sniff out possible bombs.

There will be more than 50 guards inside the Garden, along with volunteer ushers who have been trained by the Miami Beach police chief, Rocky Pomerance. He was hired as a consultant because he showed he could keep the peace at the 1972 Miami conventions without cracking too many skulls. The ushers were selected for their "political sensitivity," such as being able to recognize Chicago Mayor Richard Daley when he comes in.

A policeman warned news reporters: "If you're going to be on the street, get a helmet." But I don't even plan to wear my hat. A lot of demonstrators are expected across the street from the Garden in front of the post office, including thousands of Right To Lifers. Since they are in favor of right to life, I guess they will not endanger mine.

They say that New York City police do not have too much trouble handling crowds because they act just like them. When some protester calls a cop an s.o.b., the cop calls him the same thing right back and forgets about it. As Rocky Pomerance said, "There's an ease of communication between cops and New Yorkers, even when they insult each other, that's a lot different from anywhere else."

Some of the women on the street are dressed fit to kill (lit-



NEW YORK CITY POLICEMAN CONTROLLING CROWD AT DEMONSTRATION



LINDY BOGGS



ROBERT STRAUSS

physical stamina to be a chairperson. I have the strong feet, strong back and strong stomach of most political wives."

WENDELL ANDERSON, 43, the Minnesota Governor who is chairman of the party's platform committee and will brief the convention on the platform's contents. The handsome, former Olympic hockey star, a protégé and close friend of Hubert Humphrey's, was deeply disappointed when Humphrey's presidential prospects died. Anderson may

have been thinking a little of himself as well. With Humphrey in the White House, Anderson could have had a chance at his friend's Senate seat and found a national forum for his own talents. Anderson has been an extraordinarily popular Governor. Polls show an 86% approval rate among Minnesotans. As platform chairman, Anderson has performed with aplomb. The platform, while purposely somewhat short on detail, calls for a goal of 3% unemployment

THE NATION

within four years, a national health insurance program and establishment of a federally financed income-maintenance program.

The Agenda. Monday night, starting at 8 o'clock (E.D.T.), the convention will open with a short film on the party, an address by Chairman Strauss and the Glenn and Jordan keynote speeches. Tuesday evening there will be assorted speeches by Humphrey, McGovern and other party figures, election of officers and the platform report. Wednesday, starting at 8 p.m., names will be placed in nomination: Carter, and probably Mo Udall, Jerry Brown and Anti-Abortionist Ellen McCormack. The first ballot should start at 10:15 p.m. and end in roughly an hour.

Thursday, at about 6 p.m., the convention will begin considering the vice-presidential choice, which Carter will have announced by then. The roll call will start at 7:15. The vice-presidential nominee is scheduled to deliver his acceptance speech at 9:30. Then, at about 10:30, Jimmy Carter of Plains, Ga., should mount the podium, flash his famous picket-fence smile and tell the nation his vision of America for the next eight years.

erally), and when you take a closer look, you're not certain all of them are women. But they're friendly enough—they keep asking: "Wanna go out? Wanna party?" One lady who came to talk to me was stopped by a policeman who arrested her for violating the state's new antilittering law. "Don't worry, honey," she said to me. "I'll be back in a few minutes." Two men approached me, looking real mean. Then one of them asked, "Where you from, man?" I said, "Kansas." The other one scoffed: "Nothing here. He should be mugging us."

There is no way of telling that New York is busted. There is nothing missing that I can see and a lot I never expected. Some prices are awfully high, but other things are free. Each delegate will be given a cardboard suitcase stuffed with guidebooks, information about New York and a free pass for subways, buses and trains. We are also receiving some nice presents from stores. Medical and legal help is available 24 hours a day. A New York host is assigned to each state delegation and helps us get tickets for the theater and sports events. Even Shakespeare is free out in Central Park. I saw *Henry V*. He knew how to make a speech: "Then imitate the action of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood." That is my idea of the kind of man you should run for President.

Letty, I told you you should have come with me. Women who are delegates and the wives of delegates can have a free hair comb-out if they have to go on television or make some kind of appearance. I wonder if New York will really go broke after spending so much for the convention. But Comptroller Harrison Goldin says that the city will contribute \$3.5 million and take in better than \$20 million.

The worst part of being at the convention is that it is going to be too crowded in the Garden. So extra rooms had to be rented in neighboring buildings. Mayor Abe Beame says that this "layout sort of makes for coziness."

I had so many aches just from thinking about the coziness that I decided to try one of those massage parlors in Times Square. Some of the delegates were worried that Times Square might be cleaned up before they arrived. They will be relieved when they get a look. There are so many Xs everywhere that it seems nobody knows how to write his name.

My masseuse appeared to know her job, but then she got carried away, just as I feared. I called the whole thing off. Delegates should be warned that these massage parlors provide a lot more than a massage.

Now that I've seen the city, I'm eager for the convention to begin. There should not be too many dull moments since there will be 7,000 telephones, 13,700 miles of wire, 30,000 hot dogs and one ton of confetti. We'll all be littered with glory. I figure that New York is just like politics: you take the good with the bad and make the best of it. I'm no worse off for visiting New York, and neither is Jimmy Carter.

Love,

Eddie

SCAM SHAWER



PREPARING THE FLOOR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Freedom in Picking the Veep

As he deliberated over the choice of a running mate, Jimmy Carter enjoyed two rare luxuries. Certain of his own nomination, he had plenty of time to probe and ponder each prospective nominee. Comfortably ahead in the polls over both Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan, he could base his decision on who might best be capable of running the country if need be, rather than on who might help him carry a particular state. Said Carter: "I feel remarkable freedom about the choice."

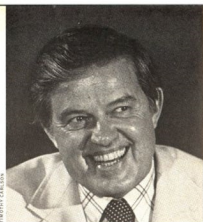
Methodical as always, he consulted about 40 Democratic public figures and found a surprising consensus on the names to be considered. He had his top political adviser, Atlanta Lawyer Charles Kirbo, invite six prospects to friendly but intensive cross-examinations on their personal backgrounds and finances (see story page 16). After the Kirbo interviews, Carter revealed that he had pared the list to "two or three." He would not say who they were but speculation centered on Senators Walter Mondale, Frank Church and John Glenn. Carter intends to question each of the finalists personally this week in three or four more hours of intensive talks. "I want to be sure to be acquainted with them," he said in understatement. He could still spring a surprise, but the three other Senators not publicly ruled out of the running were Adlai Stevenson, Edmund Muskie and Henry Jackson. The assets and drawbacks of all six included:

MINNESOTA'S MONDALE, 48. Cited by some Carter intimates as the most likely choice, the articulate Mondale is viewed as having the intellectual capacity to handle the presidency, if needed. He would strengthen Carter's fragile ties to labor and reassure the party's still doubting Northern liberals. But some of Carter's industrious workers consider Mondale, who gave up his own presidential campaign as too great an ordeal, a shade on the lazy side.

IDAHO'S CHURCH, 52. Found by the TIME/Yankelovich poll to possess surprising national popularity as a possible veep (see story page 17), Church has wide experience in Washington and in foreign affairs, both of which Carter lacks. He is in his fourth term as Sen-

ator and is the third ranking Democrat on the Foreign Relations Committee. Church also proved strong in the West in the late primaries. As the zealous chairman of the committee that exposed abuses of the CIA and FBI, however, he has offended many conservatives in both parties.

OHIO'S GLENN, 55. The former astronaut-hero is rated by Carter's pollster, Pat Caddell, as the most popular



FRANK CHURCH

Stevenson is a hard-working, able Senator whose popularity in an industrial Northern state would balance Carter's rural Southern background. Elected to the Senate in 1970, Stevenson is less experienced than some of the other prospects and lacks his late father's wit and verbal flair.

MAINE'S MUSKIE, 62. A bruised veteran of presidential politics, Muskie sparked as Hubert Humphrey's 1968 running mate, but stumbled in his own reach for the top in 1972. The former Governor has served 17 competent years in the Senate, and could well rise to the demands of any succession to the White House. His past losses, however, are a handicap.

WASHINGTON'S JACKSON, 64. After 23 years in the Senate, Jackson's legislative experience surpasses the other five, and Carter's aides consider him well equipped to handle the presidency. A liberal on the economy and most social issues, a conservative on defense and foreign affairs, he is almost as hard to tag ideologically as is Carter.

While the search for a vice-presidential candidate provided the one remaining element of preconvention suspense, Carter found time for less solemn chores. He jumped from a leisurely fish fry in Plains (see color facing page) to a busy round of highly successful fund-raising affairs. They included a \$1,000-per-couple lawn buffet in a tent in Asheville, N.C.; a \$250-per-plate breakfast in Milwaukee; a \$100-per-person cocktail party in New York's Waldorf-Astoria. He made similar stops in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, Houston and Chicago. The net result: Carter wiped out his remaining \$400,000 primary campaign deficit and expects to go into the convention with an extra \$400,000 to cover expenses there.

He might well need the cash. His campaign staff has taken over three floors of the Americana Hotel, where Carter, his many relatives and growing staff will occupy 250 rooms. Another 200 rooms have been rented by the Carter organization elsewhere in the city; it will be the first time that all of his 300 full-time paid workers will have assembled anywhere. Carter and Wife Rosalynn will arrive on Saturday and will give a huge party for some 5,000 delegates and



ADLAI STEVENSON



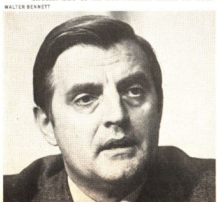
JOHN GLENN



EDMUND MUSKIE

of the contenders. Yet Carter concedes this may be based mainly on the fact that his is the best-known name. Though Glenn has proved industrious in Washington, displaying expertise on energy and antinuclear-proliferation legislation, he has held public office only since 1975, and seems the least adequately prepared of the group to move into the White House.

ILLINOIS' STEVENSON III, 46. Son of one of the party's most beloved figures,



WALTER MONDALE



120-706—ATLANTA

CHARLES W. BAFSHOON



Carter At Home

Top: Jimmy Carter stalks fish in a pond on his farm; above, lands a catch; at right, fries it at cookout in Plains, Ga.



Clockwise from top: Carter prays before meal, welcomes guests, eats with Daughter Amy and local boys, inspects his peanuts.



alternates at a Hudson River pier the next day.

Even though he has the nomination knocked, Carter expects to visit as many state delegations as he can to ensure their support. His aides are even planning the usual elaborate communications network to keep in touch with delegations as voting begins on the convention floor in Madison Square Garden. Press Secretary Jody Powell laughingly explained: "This is what everybody traditionally does at conventions—so we want to do it too."

Carter is expected to follow the tradition of staying away from the convention hall until he becomes the nominee Wednesday night. His acceptance speech the following evening will elaborate on his now familiar vision of a government "as good, as compassionate, as full of love as the American people." The first drafts are being fashioned by the speechwriter Patrick Anderson, a former newsman and author of the recent,

faintly scandalous *The President's Mistress*.

Carter was already thinking beyond his nomination. His staff and party strategists were dividing up the nation into 13 "A" states, which will get maximum effort as critical to his election, and an undisclosed number of states in three other categories: "B," requiring slightly less attention; "C," considered hopelessly lost, and "D," rated as relatively safe. The latter include much of the South, as well as Massachusetts and Minnesota.

The Facts. With typical boldness, Carter has already asked President Ford that he be briefed after his nomination on sensitive foreign policy issues, as is traditional—not by the State Department, but solely by the CIA. Explained Carter: "The State Department is a political arm of the Administration, and I don't want to be briefed on policy—I want the facts."

Was Carter getting too confident of victory in November? At the moment,

that was his most obvious hazard. He seemed susceptible to what Washington Post Columnist David Broder termed "Deweyitis." Some Republican strategists also argue that Carter's following, though broad, is shaky, and that if the G.O.P. candidate forces Carter to get specific enough on key issues, his coalition will fracture.

Unlike the aloof Tom Dewey, who blew the 1948 election to fighting Underdog Harry Truman, however, Carter seems fully aware of the dangers. "I'm sure that a lot of people around the country still have doubts about me," he conceded to reporters last week, "but I'm doing all I can to address those doubts." More important, to party leaders in Washington, Carter signaled the same kind of warning against developing "a sense of arrogance." He said that either Ford, "an incumbent President," or Reagan, "an accomplished television performer with fervent supporters," can be "very, very strong."

Fish Fry and Barbecue

Into the hardest campaigners' lives a little fun must fall, and last week two of the three presidential candidates took a private rest down home with just a few hundred intimate friends and reporters. Jimmy Carter invited more than 100 kinsmen, journalists and neighbors to a back-country fish fry at his mother's Scandinavian-modern house in the dark slash-pine woods near his peanut fields in sweltering Plains, Ga. The homey cookout was called partly to ease an ecological imbalance in the family pond. As often happens in politics and ponds, the larger fish were gobbling up the smaller fry, making the fishing hole unhealthy.

The host attacked the problem with typical verve: he and his younger brother Billy and son Chip, 26, partially drained the pond, plunged in as deep as their shoulders and netted the fat catfish, bass and bream that were swimming around. Later, Carter and other amateur cooks dredged the fish in corn meal, deep fried the catch over open coals for 15 minutes in boiling peanut oil (of course), piled it into brown paper bags to absorb the fat and then dished it up with hush puppies, coleslaw and home-grown tomatoes.

Carter's family mingled with the crowd. His eight-year-old daughter Amy, who runs a 10¢-a-glass lemonade stand on the side, raced around barefoot and carefree. Brother Billy, a Georgia "good ole boy" who runs the family warehouse and a local service station, bantered with the press about the words Cast Iron emblazoned on the T shirt that stretched over his developing paunch. Explained Billy: "It's my CB radio handle. Everybody calls me that because when the fellows come by my place, I'll drink whatever they're drinking—Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, blend, anything. So everybody says I've got a cast-iron stomach—which I have."

A little later, Republican Ronald Reagan went through a similar R-and-R weekend, with appropriate regional differences. At his 600-acre Rancho del Cielo, in the Santa Ynez Mountains 100 miles northeast of Los Angeles, he entertained 80 reporters and staff at a Mexican fiesta. Wearing a Western shirt, blue jeans and boots, he greeted guests with Wife Nancy at his side. Donning a cowboy hat, Reagan shouted to the TV camera pointed at him, "Ready when you are, C.B.!" a joking reference to the late director Cecil B. DeMille.

After some barbecued beef and refried beans, Reagan took his guests on a tour of the modest five-room Spanish-style house to which he and Nancy escape whenever they

can. Reporters passed a poster advertising an old movie (*Talk About a Stranger*), a U.S. Army recruiting poster, an autographed Al Capp cartoon of Li'l Abner and a tile floor the Reagans laid themselves. Wearing an assortment of cowboy hats and a state policeman's hat, Reagan posed for photos and then asked his visitors to sign a guest book. He said that the ranch provided him the chance to drain away tensions by digging postholes, building fences and riding horseback. "It kinda does something for us," he said. Then there were the small challenges. Two months ago, Reagan knocked off a rattlesnake with a well-aimed rock. This week he will abandon his hideaway for another intense hunt for a more benign species, the Republican delegate, before the climactic Republican National Convention in August.

MUSICIANS SERENADE RONALD REAGAN AT HIS RANCH FIESTA



The Charlie Behind Jimmy

A new face appeared in Washington last week, and insiders were trying to figure out how important he was. Charles Kirbo of Atlanta was Jimmy Carter's hand-picked envoy to the capital. TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian visited Kirbo in Atlanta before he came north. Reports Ajemian:

The one man Jimmy Carter depends on and trusts above all others, Charles Hughes Kirbo, 59, was talking about his boyhood days in the peanut and saw-mill country of rural south Georgia. Kirbo's voice is so slow and soft that people sometimes cock their heads to hear him. His daddy, Ben Kirbo, he said, used to be a court reporter in their home town of Bainbridge and often worked right through the day into evening sessions. The son always took Ben a sack of food at night, and then stuck around to watch

an understated, rustic style, Kirbo developed a reputation for becoming stern with witnesses who he thought were lying; his audiences looked for such moments. He defended blacks and whites alike, and he emphasized to the juries the need to be fair. Like his boyhood models, he studied his witnesses and jurors closely, searching for any clue that might aid his case.

Blue Eyes. Last week the former country lawyer was searching for clues in a far more glittering setting, but the technique was much the same. His friend Jimmy Carter had asked him to go to Washington to evaluate personally the half-dozen Senators whom Carter was considering for the vice presidency. It was an assignment that Carter would give to no other man. Kirbo talked at length with Walter Mondale, Frank Church, John Glenn, Ed Muskie, Hen-

top of the otherwise orderly pile, was a wad of 111 ballots that had been clumsily stuffed into the box. "I could have fainted," recalls Kirbo, who never expected to prove the case. Carter then won the general election by 1,500 votes.

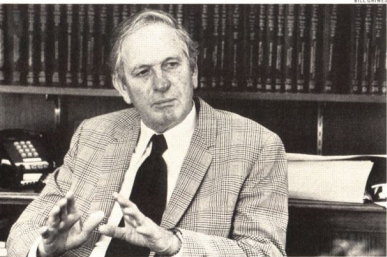
Carter got elected Governor in 1970, and within three months Georgia's Senator Richard Russell died. Kirbo remembers driving over to the Capitol to offer Carter his list of candidates for Russell's seat. But Carter wanted to name Kirbo. The sagacious country lawyer declined; he preferred to stay at home in Georgia. A month later Carter turned to Kirbo again: he wanted him as state party chairman. Kirbo hated the idea but agreed, and for almost three years he tolerated the job only because Carter wanted him to. "He was a lousy state chairman. Charlie is just not a political animal," says Georgia's present state chairman, Marge Thurman, who has little use for Carter but praises Kirbo's integrity. Adds another Carter critic in Atlanta: "If Carter ever gets to Washington, and starts to slide around, Kirbo will keep him in place."

During Carter's four years as Governor, Kirbo (his family name is of French derivation and originally was perhaps Courbeau) served as a sort of honorary chief of staff. Carter often summoned him, and the two held long talks alone on the back veranda of the mansion. The Governor ran all his top appointments through his confidant. Carter made a nearby Capitol office available to him, and several times each week Kirbo would pull up in his pickup truck, much to the annoyance of Capitol guards, and park in a VIP space.

When strategy sessions reached beyond 5 p.m., the tall (6 ft. 1 in.), big-shouldered Kirbo would usually rise and head for the door. No one, not even Carter, ever made any move to stop him; they knew he was going home to his wife and four children. Kirbo, in turn, never argued with Carter. "I gave Jimmy my ideas on things," he says, "and if he didn't like them, I'd pick up my hat and coat and just get out of there." But whenever Kirbo disappeared of something, said Carter staffers, it troubled the Governor, and he would usually phone his friend to talk it over further.

Last April, Carter called and told Kirbo that the primary schedule was killing him; he was often hurrying breakfast six days a week. Kirbo, in his easy way, saw to it that the schedulers let up on him. A few weeks ago, with success assured, some of Carter's top staff people came to Kirbo, worried. They told him they thought the candidate was acting too cocky and asked him to speak to Jimmy. He did.

His calm good sense and dry wit have made Kirbo something of a legend among the Carter staff members; they offer him deference mixed with affection. Says Carter's media director, Gerald Rafshoon: "Charlie never plays any roles, any games. He never tries to



LAWYER CHARLES KIRBO DISCUSSING HIS CAMPAIGN ROLE IN HIS ATLANTA OFFICE
The man who doesn't want anything and could walk away from it all.

the trials. In those days the court's criminal trials were the region's chief entertainment; the more notorious cases used to attract hundreds of people from miles around. Local churches sold box lunches, and there was usually a medicine show set up near the courthouse.

Courtroom Star. But the real stars were the trial attorneys, some decked out in swallow-tailed coats, others with flowing, silver hair, warming up the court with folksy anecdotes and at the same time cannily analyzing their juries. As a young man, Charlie Kirbo thrilled to this important courtroom theater. He remembers the vivid silence of the room, broken only by an occasional cough or a crying baby.

Years later, after graduating from the University of Georgia School of Law, Kirbo became one of the courtroom stars himself. Now he was the celebrated trial attorney playing to audiences hanging from the rafters. A gentle man with

ry Jackson and Adlai Stevenson III. In his measured, mannerly way, the taciturn interrogator with the clear blue eyes asked them questions about their taxes and net worth, their health, and about their personal lives. He had picked up information that one of the men had an undisciplined temper, that another was a poor manager, that still another's personal conduct was questionable. Kirbo carefully raised all such subjects, listened to the answers, and at week's end reported back to Carter.

Carter has been relying on Kirbo ever since they first met. In 1962 the politician from Plains lost his first primary election—for the Georgia state senate—by only 139 votes. Suspecting fraud in one county, he searched for a lawyer to fight his case and was directed to Kirbo, who had by then moved from Bainbridge to a top law firm in Atlanta. Kirbo had the suspicious ballot box impounded and opened. There, sitting on



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17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
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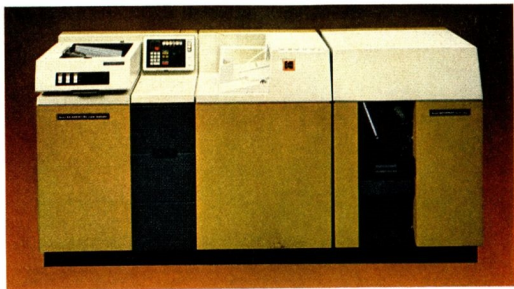
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Dual paper supply	x	x	x	x	x	x
Choice of paper exits	x	x	x	x	x	x
Flat platen—facilitates book copying	x	x	x	x	x	x
Easy access to the paper path	x	x	x	x	x	x
Reduction capability: true 1:1, 77%, 64%		x		x		x
Recirculating feeder copies documents in the order presented			x*	x*	x*	x*
Automatic stapling: either on the corner or book style					x	x
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Neighborhood traditionalists will be agast. Imagine something that small and rakish running around with a Buick nameplate.

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Friends won't waste much time bugging you for a chance to drive it. You know, to see if what they say about the Buick V-6 engine is true.

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Anyway, you can be pretty sure your mom will ask your dad why they can't open the rear window and fold down the rear seats in *their* car.

Naturally everyone will have to go out for a spin in the little rascal. With your dad at the wheel. He'll probably get a little philosophical. Remind you of his first really new car. Stuff like that.

Finally, when all the obligations and ceremonies are over, it'll be just you and your new Skyhawk.

Chances are you'll want to make one more pass through the neighborhood. Let your Skyhawk turn a few heads.

Just to remind everyone on the block where they saw it first.



BUICK Dedicated to the Free Spirit
in just about everyone.

impress anybody. All the rest of us need something from Jimmy. Kirbo doesn't want anything. He's the only guy I know who could walk away from all that power. If Jimmy ever got big-headed, the first guy to straighten him out would be Kirbo." Then Rafshoon adds wishfully: "Boy, would I love to do a film on Charlie Kirbo. I can see it all: Henry Fonda playing the lead." Says Campaign Director Hamilton Jordan: "If Jimmy Carter were running against Charlie Kirbo, I'd vote for Charlie."

One recent Saturday, picking his way through the 280 acres of thick woods around his lovely, tall-shuttered house 18 miles north of Atlanta, Kirbo spoke of his relationship with Carter and the possibility of going to Washington with him. He wore blue jeans, and as he loped through his plantings of grapes and sweet potatoes and peach trees, he was trailed by two of his three daughters, Betsy, 17, and Kathy, 13. He pointed out the old pump house, soundproofed with egg cartons, where his son Charlie practices with his rock band, called Pumphouse & Company. "I would never pick up and leave Georgia," he said. "Besides, after I get through talking to Jimmy for an hour, I'm all talked out."

Restore Integrity. Whether Kirbo would move to Washington has become a lively guessing game among the Carter staff. Pondered Kirbo: "I feel there would be times when Jimmy would need me, just to kick things around. But I don't want a full-time job. I'd just like to be there for some of the tough decisions, perhaps a few days each week." His face, usually deadpan, took on an even more set look. "I think Jimmy's going to have lots of big problems in the beginning with this Government reorganization thing. I think I could help him keep the pressure on."

He turned silent, as he often does during a conversation, and kept walking for a while. "I like Jimmy," he went on. "He's got faults, like all of us. He's ambitious. But he's not greedy, and he's considerate." He said he himself was probably a little more conservative than Carter but the two, from their rural roots, had similar ideas about helping poor people. Most important, Kirbo felt that Carter would restore integrity to the country. "Doing what's morally right has always been important to him."

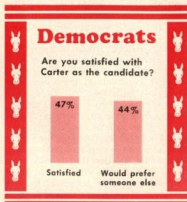
By now he was back on his old-brick patio for lunch, and his wife Margaret, a good-looking woman he calls Boo, joined them. Kirbo, a devout member of the Christian Church, dropped his head and said grace. With his large hands and deep, soft voice, he seemed a little like Atticus Finch from the novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*—the wise, laconic, just man who knew exactly who he was and where he was. No matter what kind of Washington eminence he might become, or whether he decided to pick up his hat and coat and just get out of there, Charles Kirbo was very much his own man.

TIME POLL

The Election Could Be Close

Despite Jimmy Carter's wide lead over Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan in all the national polls, Americans are far from sold on the Georgian as their next President. Doubts about him persist even among registered Democrats: while 47% are satisfied with him as their party's nominee, 44% would prefer someone else. Thus the election may be far closer than predicted, particularly if the Republicans nominate Ford, who is far more popular among the voters than Reagan. This is the chief message of a nationwide telephone poll of 1,007 registered voters conducted for TIME from June 21 to 24 by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., an opinion-research firm.

The survey found that Carter's lead over Reagan has widened since the early primaries. If the election were held today, Carter would trounce him by 51% to 31%, up from 46% to 36% in a poll in March. But Carter's edge over Ford has remained almost the same since late

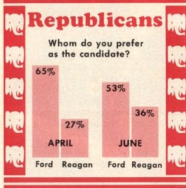


chusetts. A net of 14% of those polled said they would be more likely to vote for Carter if Church were on the ticket; any one of the other four men made much less difference to them. Church would strengthen Carter in those regions where he needs help the most: the West and Midwest.

On the Republican side, the poll found that Reagan's aggressive campaign has cut into Ford's support among the party's rank and file; he now leads Reagan among Republicans 53% to 36%, down from 65% to 27% in April. Reagan has also persuaded significant numbers of voters that Ford is "too soft" on the Russians (a view held by 45% of all voters interviewed), has no program for the country (38%), and has been a weak President (37%). Moreover, 45% are still upset about Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon.

But Ford remained a much stronger potential candidate than Reagan, even in the Sunbelt states. For example, in the West, Ford's support was almost the same as Carter's (42% to 44%), while Reagan trailed the Georgian 37% to 46%. In the Midwest, Ford led Carter, 43% to 41%, but Reagan was far behind Carter, 34% to 47%.

Large numbers of voters also have



April, 47% to 38%. The reason seems to be Carter's failure to overcome the antagonism of many Democrats and independents, particularly those who have liberal views on the issues.

Among the Democrats and independents who would like next week's convention to nominate someone else, 62% regard Carter's positions as fuzzy, and 58% believe that he changes them depending on his audience. More than a third of this group fault him for lack of experience in national office, and 40% feel that he does not understand regions of the country outside the South. By contrast, there is not much concern about Carter's evangelical religious beliefs or lack of a sense of humor.

Of five possible Democratic nominees for Vice President, Senator Frank Church of Idaho emerged as the most popular, followed by Senators Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, Walter Mondale of Minnesota and John Glenn of Ohio and Governor Michael Dukakis of Massa-



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serious reservations about Reagan. Among them: 40% feel he does not understand foreign policy; 37% fear that he might get the U.S. into a war. Moreover, the poll suggested that many Republicans will defect to Carter if Reagan becomes the nominee. Among Republicans who back Ford, only 36% say that Reagan would be an acceptable nominee. In contrast, 64% of Reagan's supporters regard Ford as an acceptable candidate if the Californian loses the nomination.

For many Republicans, the best solution would be to have both candidates on the same ticket; 37% say that they would be more likely to vote for Ford if Reagan is his running mate, even though Reagan insists there is "no way" that he would run with Ford. Asked about four other possible nominees as Vice President, Republicans ranked Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee as their second choice, followed by Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson, former Treasury Secretary John Connally and Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. But Baker and Richardson made a Republican ticket more attractive to the important independent voters, while the idea of Reagan, Connally or Rockefeller as a vice-presidential candidate turned them off. The survey found that none of the possible choices for Vice President would strengthen a Republican ticket headed by Reagan.

Upbeat Mood. Though Republican voters prefer a Ford-Reagan ticket, the poll showed that among all voters such a pairing would run behind a Carter-Church ticket 39% to 47%. That would be about the same outcome as a hypothetical contest between Ford and Carter without running mates.

If Ford gets the nomination, his chances of winning the election will depend largely on whether he can persuade Americans that the economy is really improving. Of those questioned, 44% now rank the economy as a more important issue than "moral leadership"; 35% thought it was the other way around. Inflation worries 47% of those surveyed; only 23% are deeply disturbed about unemployment, down seven points since April. The economy and leadership rank far ahead of all others as the most important issues, including crime (12%), taxes (8%), Big Government (6%), busing (4%), the Middle East (3%), pollution (2%), racial problems (2%) and the oil companies (1%).

A composite of questions designed to measure the national mood found that the proportion of Americans who feel things are going well in the country and are optimistic about the future has leveled off since March at 34%. Ford obviously is not getting across his message that the nation has rebounded from war, Watergate and recession. If he does so, and if he wins the nomination, he could make the election a horse race. Among voters in an upbeat mood, he runs ahead of Carter 53% to 35%.

RACES

A Leader's Dissonant Swan Song

When Roy Wilkins rose last week to address the 67th annual national convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Memphis, nothing seemed terribly amiss. As the group's executive director for the past eleven years, Wilkins, 74, has become the embodiment of the organization that he had labored so energetically to help build. But once the normally soft-spoken Wilkins started

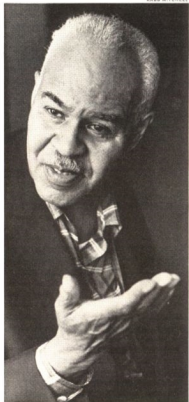
Wilkins' broadside stunned the convention. Board Member Emmitt J. Douglas of Baton Rouge, La., grabbed a microphone on the convention floor and sharply rebuked Wilkins. "I resent allegations against board members unless they are named," snapped Douglas. Besides, he added, Wilkins was reneging on an agreement to retire at year's end. While some board members fretted privately that Wilkins might "kill the organization" with his inflammatory remarks, the N.A.A.C.P.'s rank and file were inclined to listen sympathetically to Wilkins' plea of sentiment for his long service to the organization.

Money was apparently one of the factors behind Wilkins' outburst. He said he had belatedly discovered that his retirement contract did not provide him with the full executive director's salary of \$38,500 through the next convention. Instead, it placed him on a \$19,000 annual pension, plus a \$10,000 consulting fee, beginning next January—a difference of \$4,750 in his 1977 earnings. At a press conference later, he pounded his fist on the table and insisted he would remain at the post "at the executive director's salary." Board members deny Wilkins' accusations.

Bad Morale. The Wilkins flap was part of a deeper crisis in the venerable association. The organization came close to bankruptcy early this year when a Mississippi court ordered it to pay a white policeman \$210,000 after state officers of the N.A.A.C.P. had accused him of brutality. Only a special \$300,000 contribution from General Motors Corp. enabled the N.A.A.C.P. to post a \$262,000 bond in order to appeal the state court's ruling.

Some members blame Wilkins' lack of administrative control for the bad morale that has recently plagued the association. A widespread criticism is that he stayed on too long and that under him the N.A.A.C.P. has acted too timidly. Wilkins' difficulties began with the deaths in 1974 of his two closest friends, N.A.A.C.P. Board Chairman Stephen Gill Spottswood and Assistant Director John A. Morsell. Wilkins' hand-picked successor, Wilkins' own health began to deteriorate following an emergency operation last March for the removal of a kidney stone.

Convinced that the N.A.A.C.P. needed some fresh leadership, Board Chairman Margaret Bush Wilson, 57, a St. Louis lawyer, and other directors began to act independently of him to remedy what they saw as fiscal mismanagement and sloppy record keeping. Earlier this year Wilson's "Majority Caucus" stripped Wilkins of the power to hire and fire top assistants. Today, the search committee of the N.A.A.C.P. is not consulting with Wilkins on his successor.



N.A.A.C.P.'s ROY WILKINS

A stunned convention.

talking, he shook the 3,000 delegates out of their calm.

Wilkins, who was expected to leave his post at the end of 1976, shocked the assemblage by accusing some members of the N.A.A.C.P.'s board of directors of waging a "campaign of vilification" against him concerning his honesty, his health and his competence. He said he had tried to laugh off the allegations. "But how does one laugh when his heart is breaking?" At first, Wilkins went on, "I retained counsel with a view to entering suits in the courts against certain board members for defamation of character." Though he has abandoned that plan, he said, he will stay in his job until the mid-1977 convention, which will be held in his birthplace, St. Louis.

Wilkins is plainly hurt by what he feels is a failure of the board to recognize what he has achieved during his 44 years with the N.A.A.C.P. In an interview with *TIME* before his surprise speech, Wilkins reminisced about the 1954 decision by the Supreme Court in *Brown v. the Board of Education* as the "final crowning glory which said that separate but equal was no more." But he says that today the issue of busing is being used to repeal the effects of the court's decision. "If you freeze the neighborhood school patterns that are present, you go straight back to *Plessy v. Ferguson* [the 1896 Supreme Court ruling that established the separate-but-equal doctrine]. The neighborhood white school is always better than the black school."

Whether Wilkins retires at year's end or next July, the search for his successor is still on. Among the leading candidates: Memphis Lawyer Benjamin Hooks, 51, the only black member of the Federal Communications Commission; Georgia State Senator Julian Bond, 36; N.A.A.C.P. Lobbyist Clarence Mitchell, 65, sometimes described as "the 101st Senator"; N.A.A.C.P. Official Gloster Current, 63, who now handles many of the organization's administrative details; and Gustav Henningburg, 46, director of the Newark Urban Coalition.

The next director will inherit an organization of over 400,000 members with considerable prestige among blacks and whites alike, but with harsh problems—including continuing failure to recruit younger staff members, worsening black unemployment and the loss of the Civil Rights impetus of the '60s. As a result of Wilkins' blast, the next director may also have inherited a tarnished public relations image. That is a problem the N.A.A.C.P., thanks largely to Wilkins, has not had for years.

ARMED FORCES

The Corps on Trial

The eight-man Marine trial board did not need very long to reach a verdict. After deliberating less than four hours—including a break for dinner—the board last week acquitted Staff Sergeant Harold Bronson of involuntary manslaughter, maltreatment and assault. Bronson, a drill instructor (D.I.), was tried for the death last March of Private Lynn E. ("Bubba") McClure. During a mock bayonet drill supervised by Bronson, other recruits beat McClure, 20, a mental retardate, into a vegetable.

Despite Bronson's acquittal, the episode has helped trigger a trial larger than that of any individual. The defendant is the Marine Corps itself.

The nation's proudest fighting force is the target of a fusillade of criticism—the worst since 1956, when another D.I., Staff Sergeant Matthew McKeon, marched a platoon into a swamp at Par-



"D.I." DIRECTS PUGIL STICK DRILL

ris Island, S.C. Six of the recruits drowned, and McKeon, after a brief prison sentence, was restored to good standing. Bronson's acquittal and the likelihood that charges will be dropped against others involved in McClure's death heighten fears that the corps will not be able to reform itself.

Certainly with respect to the hated D.I., long noted for torturing and abusing recruits in the guise of "building men," reform has been slow in coming—as Bubba McClure learned too late. A born loser and high school dropout from Lufkin, Texas, McClure had been rejected by the Army and Air Force before he somehow passed the Armed Forces Qualification Test in San Antonio, after failing it in Lufkin. Sent last year to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego, he was quickly tagged a "problem recruit" and assigned to a "motivation" platoon. When he defied orders to participate in a pugil-stick fight (a simulated bayonet drill in which 12-lb. poles padded on both ends are used as weapons), Bronson ordered other recruits to whale away at McClure, even after the 115-lb. youth fell to the ground screaming for mercy. He died in a hospital after doctors removed half of his crushed skull.

Other abuses have surfaced lately:

► At Parris Island, a recruit was suspended by his arms from a chinning bar in a mock crucifixion that ended only when his fingertips went numb.

► A harassed recruit at San Diego was driven to such despair that he threatened suicide. The drill instructor obligingly instructed him on how to slash his wrists. The recruit's wounds, fortunately, were superficial.

► On the very day that Marine Corps Commandant Louis H. Wilson was discussing such outrages before the House Armed Services Committee, three D.I.s at Parris Island were sus-



MARINE DRILL INSTRUCTOR BRONSON
A few good men are hard to find.

pended after one struck a recruit with a blow of such force that it perforated the youth's stomach.

On any given day, there are roughly 1,150 D.I.s on duty. Yet since 1970 alone, no fewer than 1,072 legal actions taken against D.I.s have resulted in convictions or nonjudicial punishment. The figure suggests that many more thousands of abuses go unpunished or even unreported. Admits one Marine colonel: "Since Viet Nam, the situation got away from us." The fact is that long before Viet Nam, Marine D.I.s were legendary for their sadistic cruelty.

The McClure case indicates that the Marines have been forced to lower their standards to sign up the 50,000 recruits needed annually to maintain the corps' authorized strength of 196,000 officers and enlisted personnel. Recruiting slo-

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gangs proclaim: "We want a few good men," but D.I.s have been encountering more than a few "problem recruits."

The situation is reflected in statistics. The 1975 Marine Corps AWOL rate of 300 per 1,000 personnel was greater than that of the other services combined. The desertion rate of 105 per 1,000 enlisted men was twice that of the other services combined. Bad-conduct discharges were given to 2.3% of the Marines in 1975, compared with .5% for the Army. By increasing the proportion of high school graduates among 1975 recruits from 55% to 67%, the corps has

improved on those figures: so far this year, the desertion rate has declined by 31%, the AWOL rate by 29%.

The corps is taking other steps. It is now subjecting prospective drill instructors to psychiatric evaluations. To supervise D.I.s more closely, the corps is assigning 84 additional officers to recruit-training depots. Training days will be reduced from a bruising 16 hours to ten, with one hour of free time each evening and Sundays off. "Motivation platoons" will be eliminated.

But still unanswered is the question posed in a recent study by the Brook-

ings Institution: Is there even a need for a specialized, basically amphibious assault force like the Marine Corps in modern warfare? The Marines argue that a "close support" role will always be required. Rejecting that view, Brookings urges that the corps be reduced by half, or part of it assigned to Army roles.

To generations of Marines trained to disdain Army "dogfaces," that would be an inglorious outcome. It may also be an inevitable direction for the corps that fought so valiantly from Tripoli and Belleau Wood to Corregidor, Korea and Viet Nam.

RALPH MORSE



Life on the Tall Ships

What is life like below those graceful, billowing sails, aboard the tall training ships that helped the U.S. celebrate its Bicentennial? It can be most unromantic, or at least uncomfortable. The below-decks area reeks of a mixture of boiled cabbage, floor cleaner, diesel fumes and sweat. Quarters are often hot and always crowded, as human comforts give way to the need for stowing rope, extra sails, vital blocks and rigging. Aboard the Irish *Phoenix* (left), caged chickens provide fresh eggs for meals that are generally good, if not graciously served. Gently swaying hammocks on the Norwegian *Christian Radich* (below left) provide less jarring sleep for trainees than do officers' bunks, which are usually fixed; cadets on the same ship happily trim each other's hair. Members of the British schooner *Sir Winston Churchill's* all-women crew face the inevitable galley chores (bottom left), while men aboard the *Christian Radich* try to keep fit with rigorous daily calisthenics on the main deck.

JOHN MCCORMOTT





HOSTAGE FAMILY FREED EARLIER, AND ISRAELIS CELEBRATING SUCCESSFUL OPERATION TO RESCUE SKYJACK VICTIMS IN UGANDA

THE WORLD

TERRORISTS

The Rescue: 'We Do the Impossible'

It was one of the most daring, spectacular rescues of modern times. For nearly a week, pro-Palestinian skyjackers had held 105 hostages—mostly Israeli—at Uganda's Entebbe Airport. Now, with time rapidly slipping away and the deadline merely hours off, death seemed ever more certain for the terrified captives. Then suddenly, in what in a different age would have been called the act of a *deus ex machina*, three Israeli C-130 Hercules transports, guns flaring, appeared in the dark sky over the airport. Soon they touched down, disgorging about 100 paratroopers and infantrymen and powerful armored personnel carriers.

As the engines of the Hercules were kept racing, the commando units, in civilian dress, fanned out across the airfield and headed for the old terminal (with its WELCOME TO UGANDA sign) where the skyjackers were guarding the hostages. After a 15-minute blaze of gunfire, it was all over. The terrorists, according to Israeli reports, were dead, and the hostages were on the planes. It had taken less than a half-hour, and the transports were back in the air. Before they left, the Israelis badly damaged or destroyed the Soviet-made Ugandan air force MIGs that were parked on the field, thus eliminating any danger of being pursued. Casualties, for such a risky operation, were relatively light: two hostages died of wounds, and one Israeli soldier was injured slightly.

For the 2,620-mile flight to Entebbe,

the turboprop Hercules carefully flew over the Red Sea, protected by Israeli air force jet fighters, and were refueled in midair. For the return trip, however, the transports made a quick refueling stop in Kenya. Four hours later the planes and their shaken but much relieved passengers touched Israeli soil.

Proud Example. As Israelis awakened to the news of the rescue, excitement and pride rippled through the country. Gone was the humiliating feeling of helplessness with which they had lived through most of the week, as it increasingly appeared that the skyjackers would get their way. Clearly exultant was Minister Without Portfolio Gideon Hausner, who declared: "We have again provided the whole world with an example of how terrorism could be resisted and should be resisted." Exclaimed Minister of Tourism Moshe Kol: "We have to do the impossible."

The drama had begun almost a full week earlier, aboard Air France Flight 139, en route from Tel Aviv to Paris. Minutes after the Airbus took off from its stopover at Athens International Airport, a German girl in her late twenties got out of her seat in the first-class section of the jetliner. "Sit down!" she shouted. Holding two hand grenades aloft, the girl then herded the startled passengers into the tourist section of the plane, where three male comrades—a German and two Arabs—were already in control. With that, 242 passengers and twelve crew members began a terrifying odyssey that first took them to Libya

for refueling (where a pregnant passenger was allowed to go free) and then to Uganda's Entebbe Airport. As the horror of what was happening sank in, a French oil executive moaned: "My God! This is my second skyjacking. I can't survive another one."

At Entebbe, the original skyjackers were reinforced by four men, probably Arabs, carrying submachine guns, rifles, a Beretta pistol and dynamite. Passengers and crew were herded into a seldom-used terminal; later, Israelis were separated from the others when one of the terrorists barked in English, "Israelis to the right." Via Radio Uganda, the

UGANDA'S IDI AMIN DADA



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skyjacks proclaimed that they were members of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, the Marxist, zealously anti-Israeli fedayeen group led by Dr. George Habash. But the Popular Front's Beirut headquarters disowned them, and the 21-nation Arab League, at its Cairo meeting, condemned them.

Using Uganda's mercurial President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada as an enthusiastic mouthpiece, the skyjacks warned that their hostages would be

killed and the jet blown up unless 53 assorted "freedom fighters" were released from prisons. Israeli jails held 40 of them, including Melchite Catholic Archbishop Ilarion Capucci, who was convicted two years ago of gunrunning for Palestinian guerrillas, and Kozo Okamoto, the only survivor of the three Japanese Red Army members who massacred 27 bystanders in 1972 at Tel Aviv's Lod Airport. The 13 other extremists, claimed the skyjacks, were imprisoned in France, Switzerland, Kenya and West Germany. Among the six German prisoners were terrorist members of the Baader-Meinhof gang (TIME, May 24).

Terminal Discomfort. Both the French and German governments responded to the skyjacks' demands with tough declarations of noncompliance. The Swiss kept a discreet silence, while Kenya denied that it had any Palestinians in prison at all. Meanwhile, the hostages remained in the terminal, huddling together during the bitter-cold nights, trying to sleep on the hard benches and the stone floor as rats scampered around them. Claiming to be swayed by Amin's plea for humanitarianism, the terrorists released 47 elderly women, children and sick hostages at midweek.

By then, the skyjacks had set late Thursday afternoon as their deadline; either the 53 imprisoned terrorists would be delivered to Uganda or all the hostages would be killed. Shortly before expiration of the deadline, Jerusalem declared that it was willing to negotiate with the skyjacks. This was a decision Israel made with great reluctance, for Jerusalem has long maintained that concessions merely encourage more terrorism. The skyjacks then postponed the deadline three days and allowed an additional 101 captives to fly to Paris. Remaining as hostages were 93 passengers—mostly Israeli or those with Jewish sounding names—and the twelve crew members. It was their lives that hung in the balance as the Israelis decided to launch their raid.

This decision too was taken reluctantly. Israeli officials were aware that failure might mean certain death not only for the hostages but for the rescuing party as well. Thus although Jerusalem began planning the commando rescue almost immediately after the skyjacks had put down in Entebbe, there

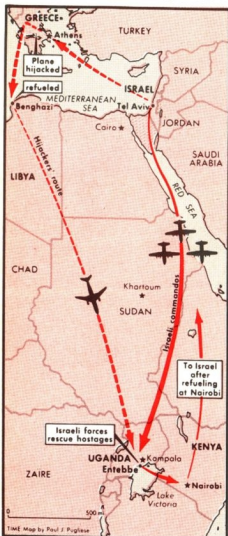
was a very compelling argument against it: never had the Israelis tried so ambitious an operation so far from home. The difficulties of mounting a raid in Uganda thus argued strongly in favor of trying negotiations. Indeed, late in the week, reviewing his country's meager options, an Israeli official sadly (although not quite accurately) concluded: "Since we are completely powerless to act, we have no choice but to make a deal."

With the deadline extension announced by the skyjacks, the negotiations began, via intermediaries. But as the talks progressed, it apparently became clear to Jerusalem that there was probably as much risk in negotiations as in a rescue mission. For one thing, Israeli officials were not all that sure that the skyjacks could be trusted to release the hostages once the imprisoned terrorists were freed.

Non-Neutral. Moreover, there was the increasingly alarming role played by Amin, who has been a vociferous champion of Arab causes since 1972, when he abruptly severed relations with Israel. (In return, Uganda has received generous financial aid from such Arab states as Libya, Kuwait and Algeria.) From the time the skyjacks landed at Entebbe, Amin had scarcely acted like a neutral participant in the drama. He described the skyjacks' demands as "very reasonable," and advised the Israeli hostages to "tell your government to solve the Palestinian problem."

By late Friday there were hints that Amin might be preparing demands of his own to make of the Israelis in addition to those made by the skyjacks. It was rumored in Jerusalem, for instance, that Amin sought to collect as much as \$1 million per hostage from Israel. As Israeli Defense Minister Shimon Peres explained to TIME's David Halevy, just after the rescue mission returned to Israel: "Amin not only took the terrorists' side and allowed local Palestinians into Entebbe to help the skyjacks, he also sent a special plane to Somalia to bring in more terrorists to guard the hostages. We had more than a feeling that even if we decided to accept all the demands of the terrorists we would have no insurance that our people would be allowed to return home. From the military point of view, it was the greatest risk we ever took."

Throughout Saturday, the last details of the commando mission were completed; early the next day the raiders struck. Reflected Peres later: "I'm proud of what we did and happy that we have an army, units and officers like these. But I hope we never have to repeat it." Less restrained was the Israeli radio announcer who first broadcast a hint of what was under way. "Hallelujah!" he exclaimed, to which the rest of the civilized world could now only say "Amen," as one of the most brazen terrorist acts in recent years has come to a surprising and welcome resolution.



ISRAELI RAIDING PARTY TRAINING WITH C-130 HERCULES TRANSPORT



COMMUNISTS

The Last Summit: No Past or Future

Under normal circumstances, Soviet Communist Party General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev might have arrived in East Berlin for last week's summit meeting of 29 European Communist leaders by train. But instead of making the leisurely 27-hour railway journey across Poland to Germany, Brezhnev flew to the summit by Ilyushin jet. Out of view but scarcely out of mind was the huge jumble of rails ripped from the tracks near Warsaw late last month by rioting Polish workers. Indeed the mass strikes protesting food price hikes that swept across Poland provided a fitting background for the uneasy, restless mood of the Communist summit. Meeting in the modern, wood-paneled conference room of the Hotel Stadt Berlin, the chiefs of Western Europe's Communist parties rose one after the other to manifest their independence from the Kremlin's 50-year-long hegemony.

Clearly, the "indestructible monolithic unity" of the international Communist movement—once the theme of such meetings—had been eroded to the thinnest, hardly visible varnish. Boldly summing up the sentiments of most of the Western party leaders, Spain's Santiago Carrillo declared that "there can be no doubt that we Communists today have no center of leadership and are not bound by any international discipline."

Common Ideology. Brezhnev sat stone-faced through these declarations of independence. Ironically, he originally intended the summit to serve as the capstone to his career. The Soviet leader, 69, first proposed the conference three years ago; since then he has tirelessly cajoled and pressured foreign party chiefs into agreeing to the meeting. Having enforced Soviet domination of Eastern Europe by the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, Brezhnev hoped that the summit would strengthen the Kremlin's traditional political and ideological authority over the parties in Western Europe.

It was a massive miscalculation. Months before last week's meeting, it was clear that the Kremlin would fail in its goals. Since the Communists' only hope in Western Europe involves sharing power with democratic parties, many leaders—notably the French, Italians and Spaniards—have scuttled the Marxist "dictatorship of the proletariat" in favor of some measure of heretical pluralism. Although Moscow wanted a strong ideological denunciation of Peking in the platform, the Yugoslavs and the Rumanians demanded that China not be mentioned. Then, Soviet-sponsored drafts of the preconference communiqué were purged of such ritual as-

sertions that Communist parties "share identical objectives and are guided by common ideology." The Italians, Spaniards and Yugoslavs angrily excised the expression "proletarian internationalism," a code phrase signifying the Kremlin's self-arrogated right to put down rebellious parties.

Even the use of the word "democracy" in the draft statement was cause for contention. As one high-level Italian Communist explained to *TIME* Correspondent Herman Nickel: "How could [Italian Party Chief] Enrico Berlinguer sign a statement on democracy that [Czechoslovak President] Gustav Husák could also sign?" The red-leather-bound final declaration, placed before each delegate at the opening of the two-day conference, affirmed the "complete independence" of each party "in accordance with the socio-economic conditions and specific national features prevailing in the country concerned."

Virtually the only way Brezhnev could assert Moscow's erstwhile primacy in the Communist movement was to speak for 65 minutes—more than twice the time allotted other delegates. Evidently aware of his failure to achieve his original aims, Brezhnev deftly shifted emphasis to a display of Soviet reasonableness. He assured his listeners that the U.S.S.R. had no wish to reinstitute a Communist "organizational center" or Cominform—which would be impossible in any case. This was apparently a conciliatory gesture to Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito, 84, who participated in an international Communist conference for the first time since 1948, when the Kremlin-dominated Cominform expelled him.

Mostly, Brezhnev developed the timeworn theme of the struggle between the Soviet "peace forces" and the "aggressive forces of imperialism," thus diverting attention from conflicts among Communists. Still, the mood of the conference obliged the Soviet leader to ac-

knowledge the right of all parties to "suit their tactics and strategy to specific situations in their respective countries." The Italians were jubilant. Sergio Segre, the chief of the Italian party's foreign department, said that Brezhnev's remarks meant that "Communism has stopped being a closed system."

Spain's stocky Santiago Carrillo argued that the Communist movement was no longer a "church" with "its own martyrs and prophets," and believers who celebrate the Russian Revolution "like Christmas." Referring obliquely to repressive Soviet and East European regimes, he called for transforming Spain into a democracy without "dictatorial methods, recognizing political and ideological pluralism and with full respect paid to the result of general elections." The publication of Carrillo's speech in the East German party newspaper prompted a local television technician to remark: "That's the best thing I've read in *Neues Deutschland* in years."

Riding High. Berlinguer, his prestige buoyed by the Communist advance in last month's election (*TIME*, July 5), also spurned Soviet-style rule for Italy. "The models of socialist society followed in Eastern Europe," he asserted bluntly, "do not correspond to the peculiar conditions and orientations of the broad popular masses in the West." He insisted that Italian Communism was committed to economic development in both the public and private sectors. Such heresies so infuriated a Soviet journalist watching the proceedings on closed-circuit TV that he turned to Nickel and tagged Berlinguer with the ultimate Communist insult. "A social democrat—the capitalists will be happy to have him," he said. "Right now he's riding high, but sooner or later we must make clear that we regard Berlinguer's position as false and dangerous."

One could hardly blame the Russian for his puzzlement and anger; Berlinguer & Co. certainly do not talk like



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Communists. As for the West, it can take satisfaction from the further Communist splintering—although the new siren song of independent "Eurocommunism" is harder to combat than the old, dreaded monolith. About the Western parties' independence from Moscow there is now little question left; but how "democratic" they really are, or can remain, is the big question.

Despite Carrillo's and Berlinguer's eloquent espousals of "Eurocommunism," the star and clear winner at the Berlin summit was the wily Tito. His policy of nonalignment, pursued for three decades, seemed finally to have been appreciated by Europe's Communists. In a solemn mood of self-congratulation, he commended other parties for affirming Yugoslavia's "principles of independence, equality, autonomy and noninterference." As the conference ended, many observers and participants agreed that this might well be the last attempt at Communist summitry. Predicted a Yugoslav party stalwart: "The conference had no past—and no future."

PORTUGAL

Opting for the Ramrod

The trip may have seemed as long and arduous as any expedition of Vasco da Gama, but the last leg of Portugal's journey from dictatorship to democracy was smooth sailing. Braving oppressively hot 90° weather, some 5 million Portuguese went calmly to the polls last week and, by an overwhelming margin, chose General António Ramalho Eanes (TIME, June 21) as their first democratically elected President in 50 years.

It was a notable victory for law-and-order and a stunning defeat for the Communists. Eanes, the tough, austere army chief of staff who put down a leftist military uprising last November, won 61.5% of the vote, trouncing far-left candidate Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho (16.5%), seriously ailing Premier José Pinheiro de Azevedo (14.4%) and the Communist standard-bearer Octávio Pato (7.6%). Although Eanes' victory was less a personal triumph than a vote of confidence in the three non-Communist parties that backed him—the Socialists, Popular Democrats and conservative Center Social Democrats—the general is expected to wield his new authority forcefully.

Inhibiting the Law. Eanes tried to soften his image during the campaign by doffing his trademark dark glasses and even kissing an occasional baby, but at his first press conference as President-elect, he lived up to his reputation as a ramrod disciplinarian. Stressing Portugal's need for "a homogeneous, cohesive and operational government," he warned that "insurrectional activities will no longer be tolerated, no matter which direction they come from." Referring to worker and peasant takeovers



GENERAL EANES SHOWS A SMILE, GIVES A WAVE & HOLDS A CHILD AT CAMPAIGN RALLY
Trying to soften his image as a disciplinarian during the campaign.

of factories and farms in southern Portugal, he accused the instigators of "intimidating the population and inhibiting the law."

Giving an *ad hominem* edge to his words, Eanes expressed dismay at the unexpected good showing of Saraiva de Carvalho and warned Portugal's self-styled Fidel Castro not to carry his "campaign of agitation" beyond the election. Saraiva de Carvalho, who will soon face trial for his alleged part in the leftist uprising that Eanes put down last fall, preached "people's power" during the campaign and called for the creation of workers' assemblies that would eventually do away with parliamentary democracy. In the Lisbon industrial belt, particularly in big factory towns like Setúbal, Saraiva de Carvalho's appeal swayed as many as 40% of the voters.

Minority Government. The task of forming a government will go to Socialist Party Leader Mário Soares, 51, whom Eanes has promised to name Premier. Although the Socialists won only a 35% plurality in the spring parliamentary election, Soares plans to form a minority government rather than create a coalition with either the badly humiliated Communists—whom Eanes emphatically does not want in the government—or the parties to the right. He may be forced, however, to leaven a predominantly Socialist Cabinet with a few independents.

Whatever the makeup of the Cabinet, it will have difficulty upholding Portugal's new constitution, which calls for an advanced form of socialism with worker control of factories, state planning and expropriation of the country's principal means of production. The Popular Democrats have serious reservations about this constitution, and the Center Social Democrats actually voted against it.

Asked how he intended to govern under the constitution that he has sworn

to uphold, President-elect Eanes told TIME's Martha de la Cal last week: "All constitutions should be a plan for a way of life. Ours is just that. Its projects will be carried out as far as possible, but we will have to take into consideration the limitations of each moment and not try to go too quickly." Eanes has no compunction, however, about carrying out what he considers to be his essential mandate. "Never again," he says, "will the law be a dead letter."

SPAIN

Time for a Change

Spain took another giant step out from the shadow of Francisco Franco last week—and right into the first political crisis of King Juan Carlos' reign. In a move that surprised even his closest aides, Premier Carlos Arias Navarro, 67, went to Madrid's Royal Palace and submitted his resignation to the King. Juan Carlos, according to the constitution, had ten days to choose a new Premier. Last Saturday, he named Adolfo Suárez González, the secretary general of Spain's only legal party, the National Movement. A close friend of the King, Suárez, 43, has been a leading advocate of the government's reform program.

Sources close to Arias insisted that he had stepped down because he felt Spain's transition to democracy was complete and that it was therefore time for a change. Most observers, though, believed that he had been forced out of office by Juan Carlos, who did not want him as Premier in the first place and who considers him too stiff and cautious. Relations between the two men have steadily deteriorated, and it seemed the King wanted a man less beholden to the archconservative Francoists (known collectively as "the

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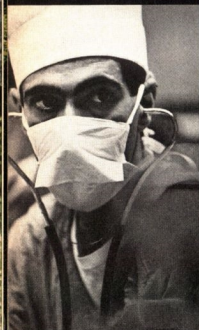
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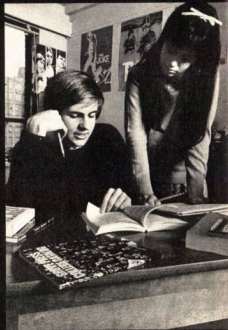
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ARGENTINA

Battling Against Subversion

An American woman visiting relatives in Buenos Aires was awakened recently by screams in the night. "I thought I was dreaming," she recalled afterward. "I imagined that I was in New York and it was only a rape or murder, and I wasn't going to get up. But then I looked out my window and saw a car without license plates, with all four doors open. A man was pushing a woman into the front. Then all the doors closed at once. The car drove off, followed by another. Next day, a doorman explained that such things often happened. Drunks got disorderly in the area's posh nightclubs, he said, and had to be taken away by police."



PREMIER ADOLFO SUÁREZ GONZÁLEZ
A close friend of the King's.

Bunker") as his chief of government. A mournful-looking man with an unctuous public style, Arias himself has had a sometimes troubled relationship with the Bunker. As Franco's last Premier, Arias launched a policy of *apertura* (opening) that infuriated rightists, even though it involved such modest gestures as allowing free elections in some municipalities and the formation of certain limited political "associations." Nonetheless, he was imposed on the King by the rightists after Franco's death as the only possible compromise choice for Premier.

Under the elaborate rules bequeathed to Spain by Franco, the King had to select his new Premier from a list of three names submitted by the Council of the Realm, an advisory body with a strong rightist outlook. Juan Carlos, however, seems to have had enough prestige and control over the council to get from it the kind of moderately reform-minded Premier he wanted. In addition to Suárez, the council suggested Gregorio López Bravo, conservative former Foreign Minister under Franco, and Federico Silva Muñoz, a former Public Works Minister under Franco and reputedly the most liberal of the three candidates.

Although considered somewhat conservative in the past, Suárez fully supported the modest steps toward democracy that Spain has taken in the past six months. In recent weeks, for example, he was the leading government spokesman in the Cortes for the Cabinet-drafted laws legalizing non-Communist political parties, guaranteeing the rights of assembly and public demonstrations and reforming labor relations. Hardline Francoists charged that Suárez had helped destroy the National Movement he headed by supporting the reforms, but the measures did not go far enough to please either opposition leaders or Juan Carlos, who felt a faster pace was necessary.

lowing the overthrow of Salvador Allende—had been warned to leave the country within 48 hours, and they did, with U.N. help. The Argentine government's disclaimers of responsibility sounded somewhat hollow. The lengthy caravan had passed through downtown Buenos Aires and one of the U.N. hotels was less than a block from a police station.

Such freelance vigilantism is an index of how sorely provoked the armed forces have been by leftist terrorists over the past six years. Only a week after the U.N. kidnaping, the guerrillas staged one of their most cold-blooded coups to date: the assassination of Federal Police Chief Cesario Cardozo, 50, an army general. Using a teen-age girl, Ana María González, to make friends with Cardozo's daughter, they managed to plant a bomb under the general's bed.

SUSPECT TERRORIST ANA MARÍA GONZÁLEZ



BODY OF ARGENTINE FEDERAL POLICE CHIEF CARDOZO LYING IN STATE



THE WORLD

Cardozo was killed instantly; his wife was deafened and critically injured by the explosion.

Last Friday another bomb exploded, this one in the dining room of the security branch of the federal police. At least 18 people were killed and many more were reported missing in the rubble; 66 were wounded, eleven of them critically. The following day, eight bullet-riddled bodies were found in a parking lot a few blocks from the blast site. The deaths pushed the tally of fatalities resulting from political violence to nearly 450 in the three months since the junta took over. Of those, more than 70 have been policemen. An unknown number of other people have either been kidnapped by terrorists or arrested by security forces and held incommunicado.

Many Argentines feel that the response to guerrilla terror has been too visceral, but they also see it as a necessary evil. Says one former Argentine Ambassador to Washington: "Show me a formula for fighting guerrillas without acting like one. I haven't found it, you haven't got it, and the army hasn't either." One ex-Senator feels that "the government hasn't centralized security operations. Every commander has his own independent force, and every security branch has its own plans." What he fears is that the police could become an even greater nightmare to ordinary Argentines than the guerrillas. Agrees one of the country's most prominent scientists: "The only legitimacy of a government of force is its ability to control force. If it doesn't have that, its illegitimacy grows every moment."

Well Aware. At a time when the government finally has some grip on the country's economic problems, that could be disastrous. Financial managers, led by Finance Minister José Martínez de Hoz, have renegotiated loans covering much of Argentina's stifling foreign debt, amounting to roughly \$13.5 billion. The most accurate measure of confidence, the black market value of the Argentine peso, has risen from 380 per U.S. dollar at the time of the coup to roughly 240 now. But the price Argentina has paid is a deepening recession, as a result of government austerity.

To his credit, President Jorge Rafael Videla seems well aware that the war against subversion must be waged legally if confidence in the regime—both at home and abroad—is to be maintained. To replace Police Chief Cardozo, the government named Brigadier General Arturo Corbetta, a hard-liner when it comes to dealing with terrorism, but also the holder of a law degree, who seems to feel there is a place for law. Anti-terrorist action, says Corbetta, must be a "legitimate and high concentration of centralized violence, applied with the prudence of men who know their duty." Fulfilling that prescription in the wake of Friday's bloody bombing is likely to prove as difficult as it is important.

ANGOLA

Death for 'War Dogs'

"Wanted: Employment as mercenary on full-time or job contract basis. Preferably in South or Central America, but anywhere in the world if you pay transportation. Contact Gearhart, Box 1457, Wheaton, Md. 20902."

That ad appeared last January in *Soldier of Fortune*, a magazine aimed at military buffs and mercenaries. It got Daniel Gearhart, 34, a Viet Nam veteran who was deeply in debt from family medical bills, a job the next month as a mercenary in the Angolan civil war. Last week it also got him a date with a firing squad.

In the makeshift courtroom in Luanda's sandstone Chamber of Commerce

Callan," had ordered 13 of his own men shot; Andrew McKenzie, 25, Georgiou's second in command, who had helped execute the men; John Derek Barker, 35, another Briton; and Gearhart. The other nine, including two Americans, Gary Acker, 21, of Sacramento, Calif., and Gustavo Grillo, 27, of Jersey City, got sentences ranging from 16 to 30 years in prison.

The death sentence had been expected for Georgiou, who had accepted full blame for killings attributed to the men serving under him. But there was surprise at Gearhart's sentence. He was arrested only a few days after he arrived in Angola and denied ever firing a shot. Evidently, his ad in *Soldier of Fortune* was taken as proof of evil intent. British Prime Minister James Callaghan cabled a plea for mercy for the men to Angolan President Agostinho Neto,



MERCENARIES HEAR SENTENCES PRONOUNCED AT TRIAL IN ANGOLA

The ad produced a job—and also a date with a firing squad.

building, where they went on trial last month, the 13 British and American mercenaries gathered after a nine-day hiatus in the proceedings, during which the five-member revolutionary tribunal had deliberated their fate. Optimism ran reasonably high among Angolan, British and American defense lawyers, even though Prosecutor Manuel Rui Monteiro had demanded death for all. In his marathon summation (3 hr. 20 min.), Monteiro had blasted the U.S. and British governments more than the mercenaries. He branded the U.S. as "the home of the CIA and the mother of mercenaries" and Henry Kissinger as "the traveling salesman of the international crime syndicate."

Trial of Rape. Chief Judge Ernesto Texeira da Silva, in declaring the sentences, coldly described the mercenaries as "dogs of war with bloodstained muzzles who left a trail of rape, murder and pillage across the face of our nation." Four men were condemned to death: Costas Georgiou, 25, the notorious Cypriot-born Briton who, as "Colonel Tony

who alone has the power to reduce the sentences.

In Washington, the State Department termed the Gearhart sentence "unjustified." Two U.S. lawyers who attended the trial, however, charged that the Ford Administration had violated the Neutrality Act by allowing mercenaries to be recruited. The State Department denied that it had condoned the hiring of any mercenaries.

Nonetheless, there were hopes that Neto, who wants to improve relations with the West, will spare at least Gearhart and perhaps Barker. Touring U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. William Scranton took up the matter in the Ivory Coast with U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, who will see Neto this week at the annual meeting of the Organization of African Unity. The State Department also asked the Rev. Ralph Dodge, a retired missionary who during his 20 years in Angola was close to Neto, to use his influence to ask for clemency. Dodge contacted Neto but at week's end had not received a response.

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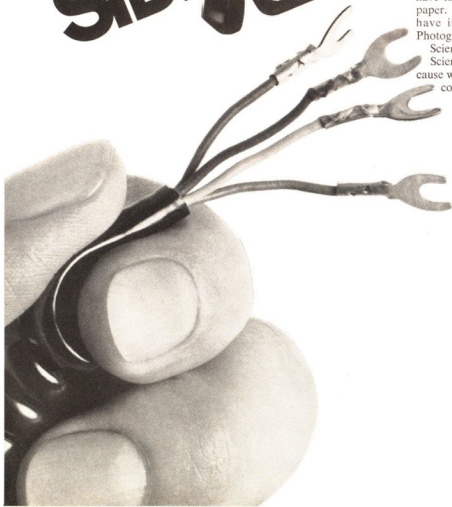
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BRITAIN

The Great Plane Robbery

First there was the Great Train Robbery. Now, Britain seems to have experienced a Great Plane Robbery. Last week Scotland Yard detectives were scurrying after leads in a daring heist of foreign currencies worth some \$3.7 million—a robbery second in size, in Britain, only to the famed \$7 million Royal Mail coach grab of 1963. The latest theft was carried out in broad daylight at Heathrow Airport, and it was acutely embarrassing to a U.S.-owned security and air-freight firm, Purolator Services Ltd., which frequently ships large quantities of currency.

At 11 a.m. on Saturday, June 26, two men—one dressed in a Purolator security-guard uniform, the other in a business suit—began making the rounds of cargo rooms at Heathrow in a Ford Granada. Their first stop was the overseas division of British Airways. There, they asked for the return of three packages of currency bound for banks abroad. The packages, they said, had been prepared improperly by Purolator. After they presented credentials that police later said were "impeccable," airline officials handed the money over. The pair moved on to the cargo strong room of British Airways' European division, where another packet of francs was collected in the same way.

Finally, the two con artists called on Sabena airline and picked up a fifth bundle of multinational swag. Then they disappeared. Their rented Granada was discovered by police three days later in the parking lot of Heathrow's Terminal No. 3, all-flights boarding point for destinations outside Europe. At week's end it was still unknown whether the men had actually left the country.

One person that Scotland Yard would very much like to talk to about the robbery is Stephen Patrick Raymond, 30, a dapper, self-confident redhead who had worked for several months as a shipping clerk, filling in customs and transit forms, at Purolator's London office—until he failed to show up after the weekend of the theft.

Chronic Nuisance. Purolator had not been exactly thorough in checking his credentials. In 1964, at the age of 18, Raymond was convicted of armed robbery. Paroled early, he was arrested again and returned to prison to finish his sentence. He appealed to Labor M.P. Tom Driberg (now Lord Driberg), who had a long record of espousing libertarian causes. Driberg interested himself in Raymond, his constituent, at one point even writing a letter to the *Times* arguing that Raymond should be released to marry and attend university, thus preventing him "from being a chronic nuisance to the public and a permanent expense to the taxpayer."

Raymond was released in 1970, but soon afterward charged with murder. His alibi was that on the night of the crime he was dining and discussing "the law in general" at London's Gay Hussar restaurant with none other than Driberg, current Labor Party House Leader Michael Foot, and the latter's brother, Sir Dingle Foot, a former Solicitor General in the Labor government. Raymond was acquitted of the murder, but received three years in prison for impeding the arrest of a criminal. In 1972 he skipped from Dartmoor prison while on a home leave and was later arrested in Australia, posing as an editor of the *London Times*. After finishing his sentence, he disappeared from sight.

Most London newspapers had thorough files on Raymond, but Purolator's lame explanation was that "we are not infallible, nor do we have the resources of the police at our disposal." Police, in fact, do not allow security firms, or almost anyone else, access to criminal records, on the ground of protecting civil liberties. Purolator had only one other thing to say: "We are working with the police. We are sick."

EUROPE

The Heat's On

Mad dogs and Englishmen were not the only ones going out in the midday sun last week. All over Western Europe, it seemed, there was no escape from the record-breaking heat. In Paris, thermometers pushed 100° for the first time in almost 30 years. In the French countryside, the sun boiled away village duckponds and scorched crops in one of the worst droughts of the century.

Across the Rhine in Germany, farmers were slaughtering prized cattle for lack of fodder; in the Hesse area alone, drought damage was estimated at more than \$400 million. West German *Autobahnen* buckled in the fierce sun. In Frankfurt, citizens going wild in the heat piled into public swimming pools in such numbers that the facilities had to shut down shortly after opening each day. Breweries worked overtime to quench the increased demand for beer—and the resulting overconsumption led to more brawls than usual among overheated drinkers. In Italy, some seaside resorts started rationing water.

Toga Switch. Meanwhile the British, who begin wilting at around 75°, were hard pressed to keep their dignity starched. Businessmen were actually sighted coatless on London streets as temperatures stubbornly hovered near 90° each day, and a beat-the-heat letter to the *London Times* suggested that since Romans were known for their dignity, perhaps gentlemen should switch to togas. Switching to topless bathing in the fountains of Trafalgar Square, however, cost three young ladies a police summons. Even the royal family was having trouble keeping its cool, since neither Buckingham Palace nor Windsor Castle is air-conditioned. Said a palace spokesman: "All we can do is to throw open all the windows and try not to think about it."

But unhappy people were not the only sufferers. In the Cologne Zoo, three South American llamas collapsed from heat prostration at about the same time; one later died. So did a sunstruck boa constrictor in England's Dudley Zoo, where special sunshades were set up to help the penguins weather the continuing heat wave.

LONDON BOBBIES WATCH SKINNY DIPPER'S SUIT UP AFTER SWIM IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE



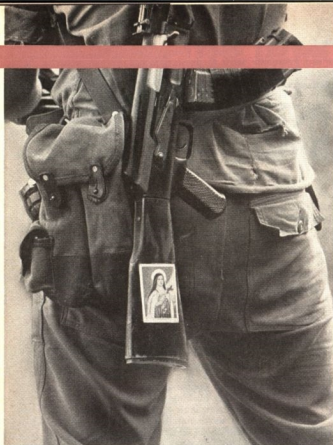


IMAGE OF ST. THERESA ON LEBANESE SOLDIER'S RIFLE

difficult to understand why anyone would think religion worth fighting about.

These conflicts are, of course, more complicated than religious fanaticism; they have a great deal to do with economic discrimination, battles for political power, questions of deeply laminated social difference. Nor do the wars involve religious doctrine—except in oblique, complex ways. A Belfast pub is not blown up to assert the Real Presence or the Virgin Birth. Many of the terrorists are atheists anyway. In such places as Ireland and Lebanon, religious leaders on all sides have prayed and pleaded for an end to the fighting. The I.R.A. is filled with the excommunicated, whose religious observances are limited to theatrical funerals for its martyrs. But the violence persists with a life of its own, like a hereditary disease. It is an anomaly of such conflicts that organized religion is powerless to stop them—as if a war involving religion were too important to be left to churchmen.

The wars arise in part from very secular fears about identity and survival. Two factors, sometimes contradictory, are at work: 1) deep, real, material interests lie just beneath the surface of most of today's ostensibly religious conflicts; 2) religion, not as a doctrinal crusade but as an identifying birth-right, a heritage, is persistently present to complicate every issue, to enforce an "us-them" hostility. Religion, always a receptacle for ultimate aspirations, can enlist the best and worst in its congregations. In conflict, religion can be used—or perverted—to call up supernatural justifications for killing. In 1915 the Bishop of London asked his congregation to "kill Germans, to kill them, not for the sake of killing, but to save the world, to kill the good as well as the bad, to kill." The dark side of religious conviction can be a violent intractability, an avenging angel's note of retribution. As Martin Luther wrote, "He who will not hear God's word when it is spoken with kindness must listen to the headsman when he comes with his ax." Religion can provide a warmth of certitude and belonging. When its energy is turned outward, it may express itself in acts of mercy and even saintliness. But piety can also be lethal when directed against strangers and infidels. William James, writing 75 years ago, defined the problem: "Piety is the mask, the inner force is tribal instinct."

One writer, Miriam Reik, has claimed, "Were Ireland an African island and its natives black, no one would doubt that Ulster's troubles show the classical symptoms of a colonial struggle." That is true enough. Since the 17th century's Scottish and English Protestant settlers came to Ulster under the protection of the British Crown, the native Catholic minority has been relegated to permanently inferior status. Yet the conflict has a strong tribal aspect, with religion serving as the identifying element, even though groups such as the I.R.A. are now more likely to quote Marx than Jesus. Protestants like the demagogue Ian Paisley have kept the "religious threat" alive by constantly referring to the dangers of "popery" and "Romanism."

It is interesting and perhaps a bit mystifying that most of the religious struggles around the world involve Moslems. Some scholars believe such conflicts may be an expression of a resurgent Islam. Says Duke University Political Scientist Ralph Braibanti: "This may be the moment in history when money, diplomacy and strategy join together in providing a new context for the renaissance of Islamic identity and perhaps of Islam itself." Islam makes no distinction between the secular and the religious. The Moslem doctrine of *jihad* (holy war) has an immediate, literal significance. As the Vatican's guidelines on Islam observe, "Islam is a religion, yet it is also inextricably bound up with the notion of community, culture and civilization."

Moslem doctrine accounts for much of the intractability of the Middle Eastern situation. The Koran specifically sanctions religious war: "When ye encounter the infidels, strike off their heads until ye have made a great slaughter of them." The Grand Sheikh of Al Azhar in Cairo, a leading center of Islamic learning in the Middle East, has flatly said, "The struggle against Israel

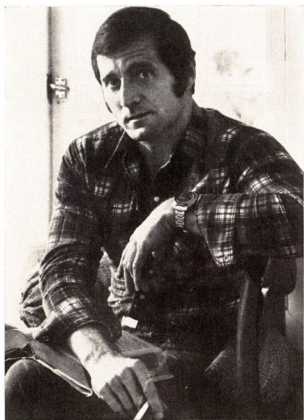
RELIGIOUS WARS A Bloody Zeal

The scenes are macabre. Religious images adorn vehicles and guns as Christian soldiers, some of them wearing crosses around their necks, storm Moslem strongholds. Moslem soldiers, in their turn, strip or mutilate the bodies of dead Christian soldiers, tie them to cars and drag them through the streets. In the vicious war in Lebanon, religion is a palpable presence—though allegiances are complex and contradictory; some Christians are backing the leftist Palestinians, while the Syrians, mainly Moslem, support the rightist Christian forces. Still, the air crackles with a certain primitive energy of zealots in a holy war.

Fighting and dying under religious flags go on with a violent persistence elsewhere around the world. Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ulster trade killings in a kind of perpetual motion of futility. Arabs and Israelis stand tensely at borders of territorial, cultural and religious dispute. In the Philippines, Moslem separatists are in rebellion against a Christian majority. Greek-Cypriot Orthodox Christians confront Turkish-Cypriot Moslems across a sullen truce line. Pakistan separated from India because Moslems feared the rule of a Hindu majority.

Why, at this point in the 20th century, the strange vitality of what seem to be religious wars? Westerners tend to regard them as something anachronistic—an offense against the heritage of the Enlightenment, spasms of violent superstition. If war is often enough inexplicable, religious conflict at least seems to carry war's inherent irrationality into an even uglier, throwback realm of absolutes, beyond the reach of compromise. Or perhaps it is simply that agnostic societies find it dif-

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See your travel agent.

is *jihad*, and if all Moslems did their duty and took a weapon, there would be no problem." Moslem theology distinguishes between *dar-al-Islam* (the region already conquered for Allah) and *dar-al-Harb* (the region of Holy War, still to be conquered). Israel lies in *dar-al-Islam* and as such is seen as an alien presence in land already belonging to Moslems.

But the struggles involving Moslems are more complicated than that intransigent doctrine. Arab leaders like Egypt's Anwar Sadat and Syria's Hafez Assad are not encouraging the rhetoric of holy war. Arabs are not theologically blinded to the larger secular issues of international power. In Lebanon, for example, a tangled social history has preceded what might seem at first glance an essentially religious struggle. The roots lay in the creation by the French in 1920 of a greater Lebanon from the remnants of the defeated Ottoman Empire. This Lebanon combined a predominantly Maronite Christian area, which had had a semiautonomous status in the past, with Moslem regions. The country's Moslems have tended to identify with the Arab Orient, while the Maronite Christians looked to the West. The Christians' special relation with the French and the rest of the West gave them enormous advantages. Lebanon was slow in developing a state system of education, but the Maronites became the best-educated community in the Arab world because of the large number of French Catholic mission schools in their area. Through such advantages, many of them created a thriving entrepreneurial class and gained control over the economic life of Lebanon, the commercial and financial center of the Middle East. The country became a pattern of haves and have-nots—with the line drawn between the religious communities. But again, as in Ireland, the religious identifications have served as a deeply embittering factor. Observes Ralph Potter, professor of ethics at Harvard Divinity School: "We pick out that factor which puts most things into immediate order for us. Where religion satisfactorily encompasses the whole logic, it becomes the prime identifier. At the same time, that shorthand also traps people into a primarily religious identity."

Other conflicts involve longstanding secular grievances. They are perhaps primarily not religious so much as they are exertions for recognition and even survival. Yet the element of religion gives all these wars an odd phosphorescence. What is important is usually not a deep spiritual faith but rather an intense loyalty to the religious community. The phenomenon has something to do with a clinging to identity, especially in such enclaves as Northern Ireland and Lebanon, whose national identities are fractured and cannot in themselves command patriotic followings. One of Egypt's leading intellectuals, Political Scientist Magdi Wahba, sees signs everywhere of "a disintegration of the national fabric and a religious revival taking its place."

In many ways, monotheism led ultimately to a new assertion of man's worth. It rose as a unifying force above countless tribal deities and, therefore, tribal conflicts. But, facing outward, it also encouraged exclusivity and intolerance—the line between the believer and the infidel, the chosen and the unchosen. Christianity and Islam have had the historical habit of descending with a sword on strangers. The world's other great monotheistic faith, Judaism, has traditionally been more defensive.

Is the religious element in war an atavism, or has it been taken up, in its essentials, by the various sides in the world's more modern ideological struggles? Viet Nam was in one sense a kind of religious war—a battle for souls, for "hearts and minds." (Soldiers in Viet Nam collected enemy ears, just as Huguenots wore strings of priests' ears.) Perhaps a quality of holy war was involved, but there were crucial differences. The Americans who fought in Viet Nam did so chiefly out of a residual social discipline, not a religious or tribal loyalty, and that discipline eventually all but broke down, hastening the end of the American involvement. Besides, ideological conflict is susceptible to détente, and there is something in the nature of religious war that is deeply intolerant of accommodation. The combination of Communism and nationalism is, of course, a powerful force for ideological upheaval, providing saints and messiahs—Ho Chi Minh, Mao, Castro—and an accompanying mythology and faith. There, too, the overriding faith validates any behavior on behalf of the visionary goal—which in the Marxist case must be achieved in

this world, not the next. Some Communist leaders now, however, especially those in Western Europe, have begun insisting that it is time for an end to celebrations of Red mythology.

Roger Shinn, Reinhold Niebuhr professor of social ethics at New York City's Union Theological Seminary, believes that "religious wars tend to be extra furious. When people fight over territory for economic advantage, they reach the point where the battle isn't worth the cost and so compromise. When the cause is religious, compromise and conciliation seem to be evil." Possibly the transcendent nature of both religion and war encourages an especially lethal kind of fanaticism. As Shinn says, "War is one of the few occasions when people are asked to give of themselves in a cause that is greater than self. People are asked to forget self—and human nature rises and falls to the occasion."

In any case, men who have fought in the name of religion and journalists who have observed them detect an eerie difference from more conventional warfare—a note of retribution and atonement, a zealotry that exists outside time and immediate circumstances, an implacability that is directed from within. The fury of fighting in Lebanon suggests as much. That, of course, is a definition of faith—but saintliness has its dark, bloody side.

Religion is not only certainty, but a confused striving for truth; not only the imposition of dogma, but the open, indiscriminating act of mercy. And certainly secular societies have not managed to avoid war or cruelty. Yet the paradox of religion-at-war remains shocking.

There are some satisfactory reasons for going to war. Self-defense—and even survival—are the most compelling. But religion, with its ancient, emotional connotations, shows up in these wars like a tribal ghost of Hamlet's father, urging revenge. Religion, especially when it blends with the secular religion of nationalism, fetches back to timeless grievances and can find in them that nasty, righteous "*Gott mit Uns*" that wants no truck with the enterprise of peace—which in this world is always temporal and temporary.

Lance Morrow

MAN KILLED BY A CONCEALED BOMB LIES IN BELFAST STREET



The First Rebels

History question: Who were the first black slaves in the Americas to gain independence from their white overlords? If your answer is the Haitians, you are wrong by more than 100 years. Correct answer: the bushmen of Surinam, formerly Dutch Guiana, who escaped from their Dutch slave masters in the early 1600s, established a nation of small villages in the jungle and won a century-long guerrilla war against the European colonists and their mercenaries.

By the accounts of the time, the rebel slaves were shrewd and able people. The men raided the plantations for black women and supplies. They built their own villages at the head of river rapids (where intruders could be sighted during portage) and raised crops far from the villages so that Europeans would be unlikely to find them. English Mercenary Captain John Gabriel Stedman, who fought against the bush people from 1772 to 1777, wrote of one military maneuver: "This was certainly such a masterly trait of generalship in a savage people, whom we affected to despise, as would have done honour to any European commander, and has perhaps been seldom equalled by more civilized nations."

Tilting Coffin. The most striking aspect of the bush society is its remarkable stability. Two U.S. blacks from Harvard, Neurobiologist S. Allen Counter Jr. and Admissions Officer David L. Evans, have spent five years studying the 5,000 surviving bush people of the interior and have produced a one-hour documentary film, *The Bush Afro-Americans of Surinam and French Guiana*:

The Connecting Link. Says Counter: "These people represent for all of us a historical control group. They represent to American blacks a mirror of the best example of what we would have been like if we had chosen not to live in slavery and had removed ourselves to another place."

The film shows a healthy, handsome and cheerful people organized as a matrilineal society under tribal chiefs, or "Gran Men." Their laws and customs date back to a pre-colonial Africa uninfluenced by European rulers. In one scene, a group of pallbearers carries a coffin from door to door so that the *obeah*, or medicine man, can ask if someone in the house was involved in the death. "Death is rarely considered natural," Actor James Earl Jones says as narrator of the film, "and certain people are divined to be responsible." If the coffin tilts toward a particular house during the ritual procession, the owner is considered guilty and must provide gifts to the survivors.

The bush people speak a language that combines Dutch, English, French, Portuguese and six West African languages. Much of their design and decoration, including sculpture, chairs and dugouts hollowed from felled trees, resembles that of West Africa. In fact, two Gran Men who recently traveled to West Africa at the expense of the Surinam government were able to recognize certain shrines and could communicate with Africans though the two cultures have had no contact for centuries.

The jungle environment helped the original bush people to re-create Africa in America. They found similar medicinal plants and similar game, including

monkeys to be eaten and then celebrated in monkey dances that resemble West African gorilla dances. The bush people also retained a reverence for the silk cotton tree, which flourishes in Surinam as it does along the Niger River, and they found the same white clay they had used in their homeland to decorate their bodies during rituals. One of their villages, where priests live, is called Dahomey and is barred to all whites, including government officials.

Like primitive peoples everywhere, the bush people are now threatened by creeping civilization. Highways will soon slice through the heart of their territory, and many of the young have been lured to jobs in coastal towns. Says Evans: "They know technology is coming, but they refuse to allow it to disrupt their lives." Last year, when Surinam's Premier explained that the Dutch territory would soon be independent, a bushman chief wondered: "What is the independence you offer? We have been independent for 300 years."

Reflection of Passion

During the '30s and '40s, the Japanese army often used a form of discipline called *binta*, usually a slap or punch in the face. Discarded after the war, the practice has suddenly reappeared in Japanese business as a way of toughening new employees.

At a training center near Mount Fuji last March, 84 recruits to Tokyo's Mitsumi Electric Co. were told to administer *binta* to one another. All obliged. Two of the men got an extra dose from a Mitsumi superior for dozing during a late-night meeting. When one of the two unions at Mitsumi broke the news last month, the incident attracted considerable criticism, but the company remained placid. One Mitsumi executive said the mass *binta* was "a gesture for reaffirming friendship." Another said it was "regrettable, but it was, after all, a reflection of passion."

Forced Marches. Still, the Japanese Bar Association is investigating the incident, and the press has run many analyses of the meaning of it all. One explanation: With the postwar rise of individualism in Japan and the more recent decline of the economy, many corporations are leaning toward stern training measures for new employees. Says Hiromasa Ezoe, president of Tokyo's Japan Recruit Center: "The driving need for our businessmen is to beat their recruits into high-performance workers as fast as possible." Hundreds of corporations now send new employees to Defense Forces barracks for a few days of drill, and one chemical company recently forced recruits to march 15 miles over mountainous terrain. After that, work seems easy.

DAVID L. EVANS & S. ALLEN COUNTER GIVING MEDICAL TEST TO SURINAM BUSHWOMAN



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1/4 Mile (MPH)	74.2	73.0
Slalom MPH	46.55	43.13
Skid Pad MPH	32.63	32.77
G-Force	0.711	0.717
Braking:		
30-0 MPH (Ft)	40.4	40.3
60-0 MPH (Ft)	154.7	153.2

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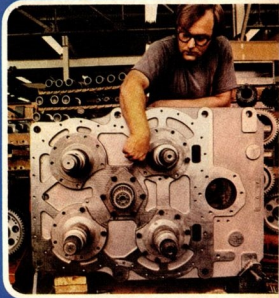
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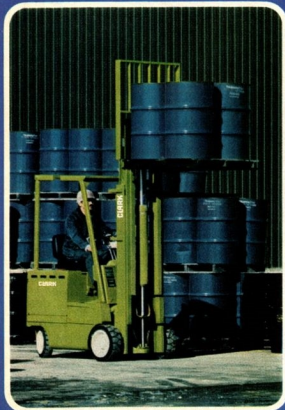




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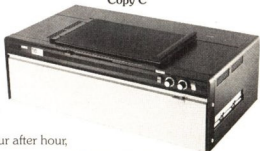
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The Death Penalty Revived

After carefully reviewing the haphazard use of capital punishment, Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart concluded in 1972 that the death penalty was cruel and unusual punishment "in the same way that being struck by lightning is cruel and unusual." A majority of five Justices used words like "arbitrary," "capricious" and "freakish" about the application of the penalty. They joined together to shut down the nation's death rows with a ruling that sounded to many like a constitutional ban on executions. Last week all possibility of such a ban ended when the Justices voted seven to two that capital punishment under certain conditions is still perfectly constitutional. Again, Stewart's was a critical voice as he said for the court: "We hold that the death penalty is not a form of punishment that may never be imposed, regardless of the circumstances of the offense, regardless of the character of the offender and regardless of the procedure followed in reaching the decision."

What had changed? In the 1972 decision several Justices indicated that their opposition to capital punishment was based primarily on the unfair way it was imposed, mainly on the black, the poor and the ignorant. They seemed to imply that more specific laws, with mandatory death sentences for certain crimes, might prove acceptable.

Not All Doomed. As a result, no fewer than 35 states, as well as Congress, drafted new death-penalty laws, partly in the hope of stemming the increase in violent crimes. The fact that 70% of the states took such actions was, for Stewart, a "marked indication of society's endorsement of the death penalty for murder." The court was thus finally rejecting the core argument of anti-execution lawyers, who have contended that society actually abhors the punishment and therefore inflicts it mainly on minorities and misfits. The court also held that although there is no proof that capital punishment is effective as a deterrent, it is "an expression of society's moral outrage at particularly offensive conduct," and therefore "an extreme sanction suitable to the most extreme crimes." Only dissenting Justices Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan reaffirmed the traditional liberal view that all executions are, as Marshall put it, a "total denial of human dignity and worth."

The court's judgment—the most important in a long series of decisions

handed down throughout last week—did not mean that all the new death-penalty laws are constitutional or that the 588 prisoners now confined on death row are all doomed.* On the contrary, the court specifically dealt with only a handful of murder cases in five states. It approved the death penalty in just

three of those states: Florida, Georgia and Texas. In two others, North Carolina and Louisiana, the Justices by a five-to-four vote struck down capital-punishment laws as being too rigid in requiring death for certain crimes—the very thing that the court seemed to be asking for in 1972.

The court now complained that under such narrow laws all those convicted of a given crime became "members of a faceless, undifferentiated mass to be subjected to the blind infliction of the death penalty." The new ruling rejected that approach in favor of leaving leeway for juries and judges to choose within limits

when death is or is not a proper punishment. Such laws, said the court, should indicate the sort of aggravating or mitigating circumstances to be taken into account before sentencing—with rigorous appellate review if death is imposed.

How this applies to specific prisoners seemed almost to be a matter of luck. Mandatory death penalties in 20 states, which have 278 death-house prisoners, are now apparently void. On the other hand, 310 prisoners are under death sentence in 14 states with laws much like those that the court approved. Though their lawyers will doubtless make new appeals and seek to gain time, they now face the clear possibility of execution.

No executions are immediately in prospect, but the Governors of Florida, Georgia and Texas are all known to favor capital punishment. Jack Greenberg, director-counsel of the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, was disconsolate about the court's action and pledged to continue fighting for each con-

*Following the old tradition, 302 are black. All but ten are men.



demned convict. But he admitted that "we don't hold out much hope." The death sentence has not been carried out in the U.S. since 1967.* That moratorium may not last through its tenth year.

Ungagging the Press

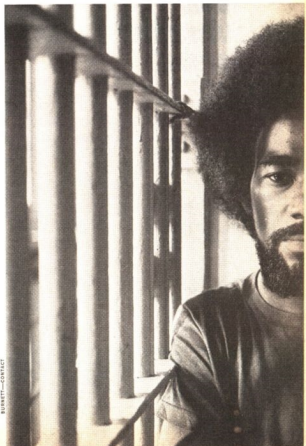
In another major decision, the court confronted the long-standing conflict between the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press and the Sixth Amendment's guarantee of a fair trial.

At issue was the case of Erwin Charles Simants, a mentally disturbed handyman who was charged with murdering six members of a family in the small town of Sutherland, Neb., in 1975. To protect Simants from prejudicial publicity—including a report that he had confessed—the trial judge banned full news coverage until a jury could be impaneled. The state supreme court eventually agreed that reporters could not use Simants' confession or any other fact "strongly implicative" of his guilt before his trial began.



Simants was ultimately sentenced to death, but several news organizations pressed their appeal because gag orders

*Among other major Western democracies only France and Mexico retain broad, though little-used, capital-punishment laws.

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THE LAW

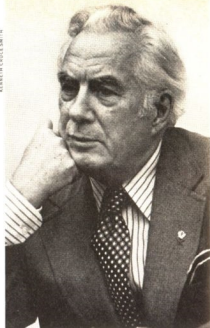
have been proliferating. Last week, in a surprisingly firm 9-0 decision, the Supreme Court nearly outlawed them.

Chief Justice Warren Burger declared that the court was not imposing an "absolute prohibition" on gag rules, but he added that "the barriers to prior restraint remain high." In the Nebraska case, he ruled, "this prohibition regarding 'implicative' information is too vague and too broad." Moreover, some of the banned information had been revealed in a public hearing and "what transpired there could not be subject to prior restraint" under any circumstances. Where the banned information is not on the public record, however, Burger refused to "rule out the possibility [that an extraordinary] threat to fair trial rights would... justify restraint."

Though Burger was writing for the court, a majority of the Justices seemed ready to go further than he had. Brennan, joined by Stewart and Marshall, wrote flatly that "there can be no prohibition on the publication by the press of any information pertaining to pending judicial proceedings or the operation of the criminal justice system." Byron White and John Paul Stevens in separate opinions each indicated that they were also close to that view. All the Justices pointed out that there were other ways of protecting a defendant's Sixth Amendment rights—including moving or delaying the trial, careful questioning of potential jurors, sequestering impaneled jurors and ordering prosecutors, police and court officials not to talk to the press. But for trial judges tempted to gag the press directly, the message seems clear. Nebraska Judge Hugh Stuart still felt that his gag order had been "appropriate," but he also said, "I must have erred since I was reversed."

Other Decisions

PATRONAGE. Over objections from three dissenters that the "time-honored" practice has served to strengthen "robust political discourse," five Justices struck a serious blow at the remnants of the patronage system. The decision came on a case in Chicago where the Daley machine has become one of the nation's foremost practitioners of rewarding political loyalists with public jobs. About 1,000 Republicans working in the Cook County sheriff's office had been routinely turned out after a Democrat was elected in 1970. The court conceded that such firings may be necessary for policymaking officials, but in the words of Justice Stewart the First Amendment right of free speech is violated if "a nonpolicymaking, nonconfidential government employee can be discharged from a job that he is satisfactorily performing upon the sole



CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER
The barriers remain high.

ground of his political beliefs."

BUSING. Soon after a federal judge reshuffled students and desegregated public high schools in Pasadena, Calif., population shifts re-created some predominantly black schools. But by a 6-to-2 vote the Supreme Court last week decided that courts cannot alter the new imbalance since "these shifts were not attributed to any segregative actions" by school officials. While not disagreeing with the general principle, Dissenter Marshall did not believe that full desegregation had occurred in Pasadena. He feared, as a result, that judicial supervision of integration will now relax as soon as an initial "school attendance zone scheme [is] successful, even for a very short period."

ABORTION. In 1973 the court ruled that a state cannot stop an abortion when a woman and her doctor decide that she will have one—so long as the fetus is not "potentially able to live outside the mother's womb." But does a woman's husband have any rights in the matter, and if she is an unmarried minor, can her parents forbid the abortion? Last week, by a vote of 6 to 3 on the first question and 5 to 4 on the second, the court ruled that neither husband nor parent may have "an absolute, and possibly arbitrary, veto over the decision of the physician and his patient." The court did indicate, however, that it might take a different view of a state law requiring some form of parental involvement short of a blanket veto.

A Shift to the Right

"This has been the most hectic month in my experience here," said one of the Nixon-appointed Justices last week. "And it has been the most demanding term in memory." Often fall-

*Burger, who is sometimes less than happy with press coverage of legal matters, could not resist adding that journalists have a "duty to exercise the protected rights responsibly—a duty widely acknowledged but not always observed by editors and publishers."

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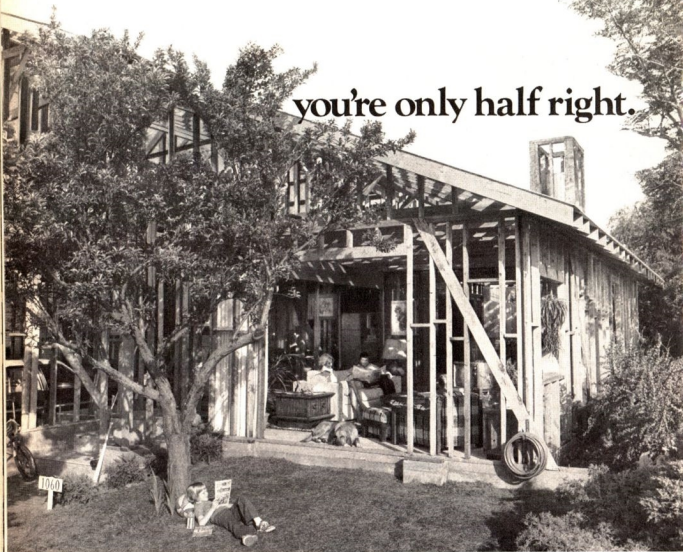
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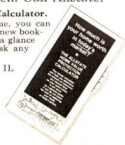
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THE LAW

ing behind in their work, first because of the prolonged illness and retirement of Justice William O. Douglas, then because of the complex controversy over campaign spending, the Justices spent all last week in a confused and unsuccessful attempt to adjourn for the summer. The court's ancient print shop was running overtime to keep up with the last-minute flood of opinions, estimated at 1,000 pages' worth. The pressure may in part explain generally poor reviews of the court's work. "As a whole," said the University of Chicago's Phillip Kurland, "this year's opinions have not been those a law professor would find deserving of a good grade. I'd probably flunk them all."

While the Justices still have eight decisions to announce early this week, observers were already making preliminary assessments of the changing positions of the court. Most of them see a continuing shift toward the right. Criminal defendants particularly have received harsher treatment. In addition, the Justices' concern about the proliferation of litigation has led them to trim markedly the kinds and numbers of those who have standing to bring suits. "This has been a disastrous year for public interest lawyers," says Charles Halpern, director of the Council for Public Interest Law. "Some attorneys are considering withdrawing suits already under way rather than suffer apparent defeat."

In a rare public speech this spring before the New Jersey State Bar Association, Justice Brennan, obviously unhappy in his new position in a minority, condemned his colleagues for acting "increasingly to bar the federal courthouse door" to "the litigants most in need of judicial protection of their rights—the poor, the underprivileged, the deprived minorities."

Looking Elsewhere. As Brennan went on to point out, an inevitable and perhaps desirable adjustment has begun. Lawyers are looking away from the Supreme Court as the sole source of legal wisdom and progress; instead, they are pressing novel claims on receptive state supreme courts. The top courts in Alaska, California, Hawaii, Maine, Michigan, New Jersey and South Dakota—among others—have all shown a willingness to go further on certain issues than has the nation's top court. For instance, the New Jersey Supreme Court in 1973 declared the unequal funding of public schools through local property taxes to be in violation of the state constitution, leading to last week's shutdown of the school system (see EDUCATION); the U.S. Supreme Court, by contrast, was unsympathetic to a similar claim under the federal Constitution. With the highest U.S. court now showing reluctance to impose its will on other institutions of government, there is a broadening opportunity for judges—and legislators—who are closer to the people affected by their decisions.

MILESTONES

Married. Raul Julia, 36, star of Joseph Papp's Lincoln Center production of *Threepenny Opera*; and Merel Poloway, 26, dancer in the long-running Broadway musical *Pippin*; he for the second time, she for the first; in a Hindu ceremony performed by Swami Muktananda Paramahansa; in the Catskill Mountains near South Fallsburg, N.Y.

Died. Sir Stanley Baker, 48, Welsh-born character actor who won fame as a cinema villain; of heart and lung disease; in Málaga, Spain. Baker was ready to follow his father into the coal mines when a movie producer spied him in a school play and offered him a screen test. Signed to his first big film contract in 1956, Baker played in such hit action movies as *The Guns of Navarone* (1961), *Sodom and Gomorrah* (1963) and *Innocent Bystanders* (1973).

Died. Prince Stanislas ("Stash") Radziwill, 61, former husband of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' younger sister Lee; of an apparent heart attack; in Essex, England. A British citizen who claimed descent from Polish kings, Radziwill fled his native land during World War II when the Soviets imprisoned or killed several members of his family. The toothbrush-mustached prince, a naturalized British subject since 1951, became a highly successful London realtor. He met Lee Bouvier Canfield in 1957. After divorcing their respective mates, they were married in 1959, and one year later Radziwill campaigned in U.S. Polish communities for his brother-in-law, Presidential Aspirant John F. Kennedy. The Radziwills, who had two children, were divorced in 1974.

Died. Shad Polier, 70, South Carolina-born white civil rights lawyer, who won prominence in 1931 by joining the defense team that waged a long, ultimately successful fight to save the lives of the nine black defendants in the landmark Scottsboro case, which established that blacks could no longer be excluded from juries; of an apparent heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Rear Admiral Clarence Wade McClusky, 74, winner of the Navy Cross for his heroism in the pivotal World War II Battle of Midway (June 1942); after a long illness; in Bethesda, Md. Then Lieut. Commander McClusky led the carrier *Enterprise's* Air Group 6 in the hunt for the Japanese fleet, found it and opened the aerial assault that gave the outnumbered Americans victory. Bleeding from five wounds, his SBD dive bomber hit 55 times, McClusky landed back on the *Enterprise* with five gallons of gas left and reported three crack Japanese carriers (*Akagi*, *Kaga* and *Soryu*) bombed, ablaze and wrecked.



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COVER STORY

THE BUGS ARE COMING

The struggle between man and insects began long before the dawn of civilization, has continued without cessation to the present time, and will continue, no doubt, as long as the human race endures. We commonly think of ourselves as the lords and conquerors of nature. But insects had thoroughly mastered the world and taken full possession of it before man began the attempt. They had, consequently, all the advantage of possession of the field when the contest began, and they have disputed every step of our invasion of their original domain so persistently and successfully that we can even yet scarcely flatter ourselves that we have gained any very important advantage over them. If they want our crops, they still help themselves to them. If they wish the blood of our domestic animals, they pump it out of the veins of our cattle and our horses at their leisure and under our very eyes. If they choose to take up their abode with us, we cannot wholly keep them out of the houses we live in. We cannot even protect our very persons from their annoying and pestiferous attacks, and since the world began, we have never yet exterminated—we probably shall never exterminate—so much as a single insect species.

This gloomy view of man's perennial adversaries was written 60 years ago by U.S. Entomologist S.A. Forbes, but his modern counterparts would be hard pressed to find fault with it today. Despite mind-boggling advances in science and technology over the past several decades—the harnessing of nuclear energy, the mastery of space flight, the breaking of the genetic code—humankind has made little progress in its age-old battle with bugs. For a brief time after World War II, newly developed chemical pesticides gave scientists hope that the ultimate weapon against insects had been developed. Indeed, the bugs were sent temporarily into unprecedented retreat.

Now, however, all over the U.S. and in many areas around the globe, bugs are on the march, relentlessly not only retaking the ground so recently won by Homo sapiens but also making new advances. Aided by Government restrictions on pesticides as well as their own growing immunity to the chemicals, and benefiting further from the miscalculations and complacency of their human enemies, insects seem well on their way to fulfilling the chilling prophecy of *The Hellstrom Chronicle*: "If any living species is to inherit the earth, it will not be man."

In the U.S., the South American fire ant has advanced from its initial beachhead—Mobile, Ala., in 1918—and now infests

some 150 million acres in nine Southern states, injuring and sometimes killing livestock with its fiery sting and driving farm workers from the fields. Some experts believe that it will continue to press forward, adapting to cooler temperatures and inexorably moving toward both the North and the West. In forest areas, the gypsy moth, the tussock moth, the spruce budworm and the southern pine beetle are wreaking devastation on huge areas of woodland, defoliating and killing millions of valuable trees and destroying in 1975 alone enough board feet of timber to build 910,000 houses.

Corn borers and rootworms are attacking crops in the Midwest corn belt at a prodigious rate, and the boll weevil—between crop loss and control measures—annually costs U.S. farmers \$200 million. Insects destroy some 10% of all crops grown in the U.S., causing between \$5 billion and \$6 billion in losses. Besieged modern-day farmers can still appreciate the doggerel composed by the early American pioneer to explain why he planted four kernels of corn for

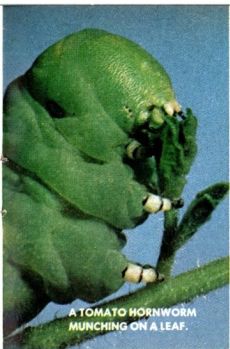
every plant he hoped to harvest: "One for the maggot/ One for the crow/ One for the cutworm/ And one to grow." Each year across the land, millions of people are stung and bitten by insects. Some of these victims die from their reaction to the bite or from the disease transmitted by it. The U.S. may some day have another bothersome bug: descendants of the high-strung and aggressive "killer bee." Imported from Africa and accidentally released in Brazil—where it bred with honeybees of European origin—this fierce hybrid is moving northward at a rate of as much as 200 miles a year, without provocation attacking and sometimes killing both animals and humans. It has now reached the Amazon delta.

In other parts of the world, insects are also on the offensive. Malaria, transmitted by mosquitoes and not long ago almost eliminated from many regions, is returning with a vengeance. It strikes 100 million people a year in sub-Saharan Africa, killing 800,000—most of them children under five. River blindness, carried by a species of black fly, afflicts a million Africans yearly in the Volta River basin alone, leaving 700,000 of them sightless. The tsetse fly, bearer of sleeping sickness, continues to dominate a large part of the continent. Says John Strangways-Dixon, a deputy director of Nairobi's International Center of Insect Physiology and Ecology: "The fly has taken over in 25% of Africa. I can't think of any other insect that has got man so tied down."

Agricultural pests also plague the developing nations of Africa. Tanzanian authorities estimate that insects destroy 25% of their country's crops after harvesting; in Kenya, officials estimate that 75% of the nation's crops is lost to insects. Larvae of shootflies ruin sorghum crops, depriving the region of an important source of protein. Army worms (the destructive larvae of a species of moth) are currently on the march in east Africa. "The worms reduced my half-acre field of wheat to stubble overnight," lamented a Kikuyu farmer in Kenya, adding: "Insecticides are beginning to cost almost as much as I get for my few bags of grain." One locust swarm observed in eastern Africa was 100 ft. deep along a mile-wide front, covered the sky like a great black cloud and took nine hours to pass a given point.

Clearly, the trend is not running in man's favor. "If we keep on going the way we are, in the end man will be gone and all that will be left will be a few bugs, some amoebae and a couple of rats scampering around," says Robert van den Bosch, an entomologist on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. "We are losing the war against bugs."

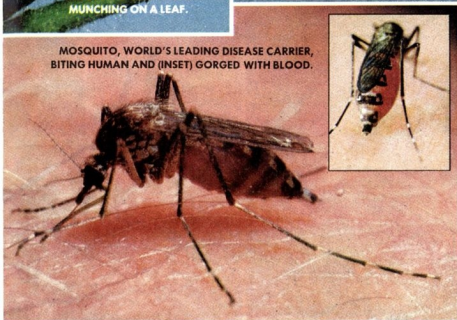
Man's most formidable adversaries are included by scientists in a phylum, or group, called arthropods—from the Greek



**A TOMATO HORNWORM
MUNCHING ON A LEAF.**



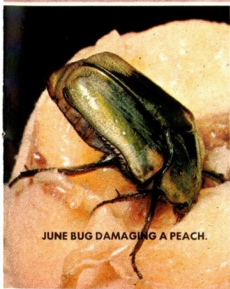
**THE UBIGUITOUS COCKROACH EATING A
BREAD CRUMB ON THE FLOOR.**



**MOSQUITO, WORLD'S LEADING DISEASE CARRIER,
BITING HUMAN AND (INSET) GORGED WITH BLOOD.**



AFRICA'S DEADLY TSETSE FLY.



JUNE BUG DAMAGING A PEACH.



**TWO JAPANESE
BEETLES, VORACIOUS
GARDEN PESTS.**



THE GARBAGE-LOVING
GREEN-BOTTLE FLY.



THE LARVA OF A CASEMAKING CLOTHES MOTH FEEDING ON A BLANKET




LOCUSTS, PART OF A GREAT SWARM, ATTACK A
MILLET PLANT IN ETHIOPIA'S HIGHLANDS.



A BOLL WEEVIL AT WORK ON
A COTTON PLANT.



A SCARAB BEETLE
ROLLING A DUNG BALL.



A CORN-EAR WORM CHEWING ON AN EAR.

for jointed feet. Insects differ in several important respects from other members of this phylum, which also includes crustaceans such as the lobster and crab and the arachnids (scorpions, ticks and spiders). Lobsters and crabs, for example, have five pairs of walking legs; millepedes may have two hundred pairs. But all insects, like Gaul, are divided into three parts, or segments—a head, a thorax or chest, and an abdomen. All have three pairs of legs, and most of them have wings.

Within those limitations, however, insects come in all shapes and a variety of sizes. Entomologists estimate that there may be as many as 5 million insect species, of which fewer than a million have been identified and named (there are, for example, more than 300,000 species of beetles alone). Insects range in size from those no larger than a dust particle, and a species of hairy winged beetle that can crawl through the eye of a needle, to the Atlas moth of India, which has a 12-in. wingspan, almost as large as an oriole's. Brian Hocking of Canada's University of Alberta gives an estimate in his book *Six-Legged Science* that the insect

The insect's life cycle is also an asset to its survival. Many insects are completely metamorphic, passing from egg through larval, pupal and sometimes suspended stages before developing into full-fledged adults that can then mate and start the process all over again. This enables them to take advantage of a wide variety of food supplies. Insect fecundity is frightening. Many species lay hundreds or thousands of eggs after each mating. Some pass through their entire life cycles, from egg to adult, in a matter of days or weeks, producing dozens of generations a season. This gives them an enormous evolutionary advantage, as scientists have learned to their dismay. If only a tiny fraction of a species has resistance to a new man-made spray that wipes out the remainder, for example, the few survivors can quickly multiply into a huge insect population with built-in immunity to the insecticide.

Insect senses are also highly specialized for survival. Multifaceted compound eyes, often mounted on the ends of posts or stalks, give insects something approaching 360° vision, as anyone who has tried to swat a housefly can verify. Their sensitive antennae enable them to smell food sources or find mates; some insects can smell the



SWARM OF CARPENTER ANTS, WHICH DO ENORMOUS DAMAGE TO BUILDINGS, TUNNELS INTO A LOG
Man has harnessed the atom, but he may be losing the battle against bugs.

population of the world is at least 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 and, taking the weight of each insect as a not unreasonable 2.5 milligrams (less than one ten-thousandth of an ounce), he figures that the weight of the earth's insect population exceeds that of its human inhabitants by a factor of twelve.

The insect made its appearance on earth some 400 million years ago, and in the intervening time has become well equipped to survive. (In fact, the durable cockroach evolved into something very similar to its current unpleasant form some 320 million years ago and apparently saw little need for further improvement.) An insect has a strong exterior skeleton and seems disproportionately powerful in relation to its size (an ant can lift 50 times its own weight). Its capacity for flight (most but not all insects can fly), attained about 100 million years before the first flying reptiles or birds, enables it to escape its enemies and range far and wide in search of food. The insect's small size frees it from the need to compete with many larger animals for a place in the environment; its simple physiology enables it to endure conditions that kill other animals. Some insects can survive temperatures as low as -30° F. or as high as 120° F.

sex pheromones, or attractants, emitted by females of their species more than 15 miles away.

Most insects lead solitary, asocial lives and spend their brief days on earth trying desperately to be diners rather than diners. Some species, however, live in societies so well structured that humans might profit by emulating them. Honeybees group together in hives or colonies that might be compared to the human body—the queen, the only fertile female in a hive, functioning as the reproductive system; the workers, or sterile females, who gather nectar and feed the young, as the arms, legs and digestive tract; the drones, whose sole function is to fertilize the queen, as the heart that keeps the system going.

Some wasps are also highly social, building houses of paper, which they make by chewing up plant material and mixing it with saliva, and living together in harmony. The most social and best organized of all insects are the ants. Divided into castes that include workers, soldiers and immature young, ants carry out a wide variety of organized activities. Ordinary garden ants herd aphids, which they milk for their sweet



ELECTRON MICROSCOPE PICTURE OF COMMON MIDGE
A growing immunity to insecticides.

nectar. Some species of ants farm, tending crops of tiny fungi in their underground chambers; others take and keep slaves from rival ant colonies. Species like the driver ants of Africa and the army ants of South America conduct military campaigns with a precision that any general would envy, advancing in columns protected by soldiers over routes carefully scouted by advance parties. Ants are also accomplished architects; African termites, for example, build mounds with thick walls that keep the air inside at a constant temperature all year round. Some species of ants apparently share the human characteristic of using tools. Joan and Gary Fellers of the University of Maryland reported recently in *Science* that four species of ants seem to use pieces of leaf, mud and sand grains as tools to carry soft foods from distant sources back to the colony, an efficient practice that enables them to compete more successfully with other species of ants.

Insects, like other creatures, hold well-defined places in nature's scheme of things. They are a crucial link in the food chain, providing a large part of the diets consumed by fish, small mammals and birds; some species of birds, for example, have been threatened with extinction when natural causes or man-made pesticides kill the insects that they feed upon.

Some insects are also useful to man and important to agriculture. Nectar-sucking insects, especially bees, pollinate flowering plants, and bees are the source of the honey that sugar-loving humans consume in great quantities each year. Other insects are also considered beneficial. The attractive red and black ladybird beetle, or ladybug, celebrated in the nursery rhyme, eats aphids and other small insects—to the gardener's delight. Before the development of dyes made from coal-tar derivatives, a scale insect provided the world with red dye; other species of scale insects are still used in the manufacture of shellac. The flesh-eating larvae of the dermestid beetle are used by museums to strip clean the bones of animals so that their skeletons can be mounted for display. Ancient Egyptians venerated the scarab beetle as a symbol of immortality; among its other activities, the insect breaks up and carries away animal and human droppings that might otherwise provide breeding grounds for dis-

ease. With rare exceptions, however, man through the ages has been instinctively entomophobic, or afraid of insects. Not for nothing did the ancient Israelites give Beelzebub, or Satan, the title of "Lord of the Flies."

Efforts to control the ravages of insects are as old as civilization itself. During the classical era, citizens of Cyrene, on the coast of what is now Libya, were required to turn out three times a year to fight locusts by crushing them. During the Middle Ages, people frequently relied on ecclesiastical courts to control infestation by pests. In 1120 the Bishop of Leon in France excommunicated the caterpillars that were consuming local crops. In 1488 the high vicar of Autun took a similar step; he directed priests of neighboring parishes to order weevils to stop their attacks on grainfields and to excommunicate the insects. Undeterred, the weevils ate on.

Desperate for a defense against insects, man began to develop chemical controls. During the late Middle Ages, people attempted to control tree-destroying insects by exposing the roots of afflicted trees, pouring in old wine lees and then closing the hole. Infusions of tobacco were used in France as early as 1690 to fight lace bugs on pear trees. Pyrethrum, a compound obtained from the chrysanthemum family, was used as far back as 1800 to kill fleas. Rotenone, which can be extracted from various plants, was introduced in 1848 to attack leaf-eating caterpillars. Synthetic insecticides were introduced during the 19th century, and one—Paris green—was used against the Colorado potato beetle in the U.S. during the 1860s.

The single most significant development in insect control was the discovery of a compound with the unpronounceable name of dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane, or, as it came to be known, DDT. First synthesized in 1874, the chemical languished in the laboratory until 1939, when Chemist Paul Müller of Switzerland's J.R. Geigy chemical company discovered its insecticidal properties. The U.S. Army considered the chemical so effective that it classified it "top secret," and first used it against a typhus epidemic in Naples, Italy, in 1943. It worked so well that the military promptly began applying DDT against a wide variety of insects responsible for spreading malaria, typhus, cholera and encephalitis. Says Berkeley's Van den Bosch (who now opposes widespread reliance on chemical insecticides): "DDT was beautiful. It was cheap and it killed just about everything."

DDT's success prompted the introduction after World War II of a host of similar chlorine derivatives, including chlordane, heptachlor, aldrin, dieldrin, toxaphene and endrin. Wartime research on nerve gases also led to the development of a whole family of phosphorus-based insecticides, such as parathion, malathion and dimethoate, which, unlike DDT and other chlorine-based compounds, tended to break down more quickly into innocuous substances in the soil.

The introduction of these insecticides had a remarkable effect on agriculture, which for the first time in history could be relatively bug free. Through insecticides alone, U.S. farmers increased their crop yields by some 10% in the years between 1940 and 1975. Their counterparts in Africa and Asia also began to make some headway in the battle against bugs, as did public health authorities. Widespread spraying of mosquito breeding areas slashed the incidence of malaria in Italy and other Mediterranean lands and made inroads against the disease on the Indian subcontinent.

But pesticides proved to be a mixed blessing. Beginning in the late '40s, researchers began to discover traces of DDT—which degrades, or breaks down, very slowly—in the tissue of fish, wildlife and humans. At about the same time, scientists began to report that the chemical was causing some species of birds to lay eggs with abnormally thin shells that broke during brooding; as a result, the numbers of ospreys, peregrine falcons, bald eagles and brown pelicans were declining. These revelations were followed by the publication in 1962 of Rachel Carson's book, *Silent Spring*, which began to crystallize anti-insecticide sentiment. But the *coup de grâce* was administered by later studies showing that DDT could cause cancer in laboratory animals. Deciding that the compound was a hazard to humans, the Environmental Protection Agency ordered DDT sales to be restricted in 1972 and banned its use in the U.S. except in cases of sudden serious epidemic or infestation, when

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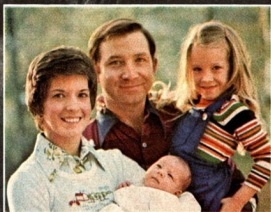
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it still can be applied against disease-carrying insects. Its use is also allowed in certain areas for the protection of onions, green peppers and sweet potatoes.

DDT's demise was followed by those of other insecticides. In October 1974, the EPA halted the manufacture and restricted the sale and use of two products that are highly effective against corn pests: aldrin and dieldrin, which had also been linked to cancer in laboratory animals. Last year, for the same reason, it placed severe restrictions on the sale and use of heptachlor and chlordane, effective termite killers. The EPA has also curtailed the use of Mirex, the pesticide that is most effective against the fire ant as well as harvester and Texas leaf-cutting varieties. Tests showed that the substance is potentially carcinogenic in rats and mice and toxic to such common crustaceans as shrimp, crabs and crayfish.

Farmers are furious over the bans. "They've taken away the insecticides that really do the job," says Steve Pfister, a Lexington, Neb., corn and alfalfa farmer. But entomologists and some farm experts feel that in the long run, less dependence on pesticides will be beneficial to the farmer. Many scientists believe that the introduction of pesticides like DDT, which promised easy pest control, actually intensified the problem by encouraging the abandonment of such traditional—and sound—agricultural practices as rotating and diversifying crops and adjusting times of planting to avoid insect infestations. "Insecticides have failed not because of any inherent weakness in the concept of reducing insect populations by chemicals," writes Vincent Dethier of the University of Massachusetts in his newly published book *Man's Plague* (Darwin Press; \$9.95). "They have failed because of misuse, because of the unrealistic goals we set ourselves, because of irresponsibility, profit motive, laziness and ignorance."

One sign of insecticide failure is obvious. Because of overexposure, insects are becoming more immune to chemical pesticides. In fact, the Department of Agriculture reports that of the 500 or so species of insects that do significant damage to crops, 267 have built up resistance to insecticides.

As this resistance has developed, U.S. farmers have been forced to use ever greater amounts of increasingly expensive insecticides. In 1966 the U.S. used 150 million lbs. of insecticides at a cost of \$241 million. Now, the U.S. investment in insecticides is some \$2.5 billion a year. But the country is receiving an ever smaller return from its investment. In California, which uses an estimated 5% of all pesticides employed worldwide, some crop losses have actually increased, in part, because pesticides frequently kill off the beneficial bugs that help keep pests under control. Prior to the introduction of insecticides, for example, spider mites were relatively insignificant pests in California. But now that spraying has killed off their natural enemies, their attacks have increased; the mites now cost the state's agricultural industry more than \$116 million a year, five times what they cost 15 years ago. The rising prices of pesticides are also putting them out of reach of farmers in poor countries, such as India and the nations of Africa, where insects have been regaining lost ground.

The major result of overreliance on insecticides is what Van den Bosch calls a "pesticide treadmill," in which growers use larger amounts of pesticides each year at greater cost to achieve a degree of control. Says he: "You can't beat insects with insecticides, and we are only fooling ourselves if we think we can. They are too adaptable. They have tremendous genetic plasticity. They are prolific as hell and they are mobile. They can move if they have to."

To get off the treadmill, entomologists are advocating a different approach to pest control. They no longer speak of eradicating insect species; the costs both in dollars and environmental side effects are simply too great, the chances of success too small. What they are after instead is what George Georgiou of the University of California at Riverside calls a Mexican stand-off, in which insect depredations could be kept small enough to be acceptable economically.

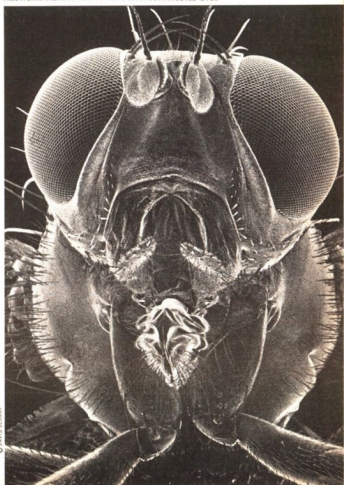
The strategy for achieving this goal is called integrated pest control, or ICP. Advocates of ICP leave room in their antibug arsenal for insecticides. The more potent pesticides will always be needed, they say, to cope with any insect problem that suddenly gets out of hand—a mosquito infestation brought on by an

unusually hot, damp summer, for example, or an unexpected attack on a particular crop. But entomologists and agricultural scientists now believe that the most promising weapons for the battle are biological controls, which can be aimed at specific insect targets without adversely affecting either humans or the environment. Among some of the more diabolic elements of biological control:

HORMONES. Scientists are beginning to identify and mimic the hormones that regulate the growth, development and reproductive activities of insects. Zocon Corp. of Palo Alto, Calif., has just started marketing a compound called Altosid SR-10, which is chemically similar to the juvenile hormone secreted by insects during an early stage of development. Approved for use against floodwater mosquitoes only, the compound prevents harmless juveniles from maturing into annoying adults. Mosquitoes exposed to the chemical are trapped and die in their larval or pupal stages. William Robbins, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's research station at Beltsville, Md., is currently working on hormones that will prevent insects from molting, or shedding their outer covering, prior to passing on to the next stage of growth, and Martin Jacobson has applied for a patent for a juvenile hormone that affects house, stable and face flies, some mosquitoes and the fire ant. Taking a different approach, Entomologist William Bowers, of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station, has isolated two substances from ageratum, a flowering plant, that interfere with an insect's production of juvenile hormones. When these antihormones are applied to immature cotton stainers and Mexican bean beetles, the insects grow into sterile adults. Colorado potato beetles treated with the chemical enter a hibernation from which they never emerge.

PHEROMONES. Insects give off and are programmed to respond to chemical compounds called pheromones. The pheromone exuded by a female insect, for example, automatically draws males of the same species for miles around. Other pher-

MEDITERRANEAN FRUIT FLY SHOWS MULTIFACETED EYES



ENVIRONMENT

omones identify members of a colony, trigger fight or flight reactions, or are used to mark a path toward food sources. At Beltsville, Jacobson has identified the sex pheromones of the American cockroach, Oriental fruit fly, Mediterranean fruit fly and southwestern pine tip moth. Synthetic forms of such chemicals could, if spread in large quantities over an insect-infested field, so confuse male insects that they might never find females and mate with them.

In other work, scientists at the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research isolated frontal, a pheromone released by the female western pine beetle to attract other beetles when it finds a site suitable for feeding and nesting. They also isolated verbenone, a pheromone given off by the males to stop the influx of beetles to the tree after the proper balance of males and females is achieved. After synthesizing both pheromones, the researchers applied both of them to several trees. Approaching beetles were so confused that they lost their nesting and mating instincts and dispersed into the forest. Capitalizing on the irresistible attraction of sex pheromones for specific species of insects, pest-control experts have been using the compounds to lure insects into traps, where they can be killed or counted to help entomologists determine whether further antipest activities, such as spraying with insecticides, may be necessary.

STERILIZATION. Since the females of many insect species mate only once in a lifetime, bug birth rates can be reduced by tricking them into mating with males that have been sterilized

lution. Wheat bred by man for resistance to the Hessian fly has held its own for some 30 years, even though the fly has gone through eight evolutionary changes in that period. USDA-funded scientists at Purdue University are working right now with resistant wheat strains to keep ahead of the fly's ninth change. Other researchers are also using botany to fight certain bean-eating leaf hoppers. They are developing a plant with hooked hairs on the underside of its leaves; the hairs impale soft-bodied immature hoppers as they approach for their meal.

PREDATORS AND PARASITES. The old idea of using insects to combat insects achieved a striking success in the late 1800s after a USDA official went to Australia and sent back 129 *Vedalia* beetles that were then released in California's citrus groves, where they ate up the cottony-cushion scale that had been damaging fruit trees. At Cornell University, Entomologists Maurice and Catherine Tauber found a tiny wasp to control the white fly, which causes serious loss to florists by attacking poinsettia plants. The wasp deposits its egg in the white fly; when the egg hatches, the white fly dies and is used for food by the newly hatched wasp. The wasps also accompany the poinsettia into the home, continuing to kill off the white flies.

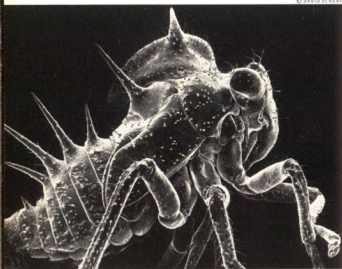
Other parasites—generally the larvae of wasps or flies—are also proving effective in controlling certain insects. The screed alfalfa aphid was brought under control by the late 1950s with the help of three Mediterranean parasites, and a total of 42 other species of insects, including the face fly that torments cattle, have since succumbed to parasites of various types. Another may soon be joining their ranks. Dr. William Nickle of the USDA at Beltsville has found a nematode, a tiny roundworm, that destroys mosquito larvae.

Even more exotic attacks are being investigated. One promising technique is the use of pathogenic, or disease-causing bacteria, to control specific insects. Entomologists have already succeeded in controlling some populations of Japanese beetle by infecting them with a bacterium that produces a fatal condition known as milky spore disease. The EPA has recently approved the use of a viral insecticide for use against the cotton bollworm and tobacco budworm.

Other approaches include the development of short-lived pesticides, which can kill insects and then break down harmlessly before they can affect other elements of the environment. Some scientists are trying to learn insect languages in an attempt to decipher them. Investigators at ICIPE are studying the pheromones termites use for communicating with each other in hopes of cracking the code and learning how to "talk termite." "When we acquire the full vocabulary of termite language, we shall be in a position to confuse or lead insects astray and therefore disrupt their social life," says ICIPE's Gilbert Oloo. "It will be an efficient and environmentally safe mode of control."

Achieving effective, environmentally acceptable methods of insect control will be expensive. The cost of producing even a few ounces of a pheromone runs into thousands of dollars; the expenses involved in sterilizing insects, identifying and isolating their hormones or finding parasites or pathogens that will prey upon them are equally high. The USDA alone, for example, will spend \$48 million on insect control research this year. It will be money well spent, essential for keeping the insects at bay. Even as manufacturers begin producing some of the new biological controls, there are ominous signs that the ever adaptable insect may be adjusting to man's latest weapons against them. California's Georghiou has found, in laboratory tests, that after 15 generations both houseflies and mosquitoes develop resistance to juvenile hormone insecticides.

So the battle between humans and bugs goes on, with some hope that man will continue to maintain an uneasy détente with the insect world for centuries to come. But for the long run, the odds are still heavily in favor of the insect. For, as W.J. Holland's *The Moth Book* poetically prophesies, it is likely that "when all cities shall have long been dead and crumbled into dust, and all life shall be on the very last verge of extinction on this globe; then, on a bit of lichen... shall be seated a tiny insect, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn-out sun, representing the sole survival of animal life on this earth—a melancholy 'bug.' " By then, of course, man may have moved on to other worlds, friendlier solar systems. But the stowaways will have gone along.



NEEDLELIKE SPIKES LINE BACK OF TREEHOPPER NYMPH
Small, but well equipped for survival.

by exposure to radiation. In the 1960s, sterile males were used to eradicate the resident screwworm fly population in Florida and large areas of the Southwest. In a somewhat similar program, Agriculture Department officials in California recently released more than 350 million sterile males and females in an apparently successful attempt to control an invasion of relatively small numbers of the Mediterranean fruit fly. The invaders, mating mostly with the overwhelming numbers of sterile flies, could produce no offspring. Officials at Nairobi's ICIPE are experimenting with the sterile male technique in their war against mosquitoes and the tsetse fly. Says ICIPE founder and current director Professor Thomas R. Odhiambo: "It looks as though family planning has at last caught up with our ecosystem's co-inhabitants, the insects."

PEST-RESISTANT PLANTS. Plant geneticists have been increasing their efforts to develop plants with natural toxins or physical defenses that repel specific pests. In 1900, less than 1% of total U.S. agricultural acreage used such plants; by 1965, more than three-quarters of the overall acreage was so planted. More than 100 commonly grown food plants are now resistant to a total of 25 insect pests, but the work of developing pestproof plants must go at a rapid pace if it is to stay ahead of insect evo-

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Pan Am	8,244,000
Northwest	9,011,000
Branniff	8,669,000
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Did you know Allegheny was that big?



UNHOLY TRIO IN *SILENT MOVIE*

Mum's the Word

SILENT MOVIE

Directed by MEL BROOKS Screenplay by MEL BROOKS, RON CLARK, RUDY DeLUCA and BARRY LEVINSON

Yes, it is really silent. There is music in *Silent Movie*, stray sound effects, and some title cards—just like in the days before Vitaphone—but no one utters a single word. Well, somebody does pronounce aloud one tiny monosyllable, but let no one step on a laugh by revealing either the word or the perpetrator. Just one caution: people may be laughing so hard all around you that, to hear the word, close attention will have to be paid. *Silent Movie* is brassy, incautious, funny without mercy. For laughter, Brooks gives no quarter, and he disdains the small change. As ever, he is out to break the bank. He comes as close as anyone in the vicinity to succeeding. Maybe even a little closer.

Daffy Asides. *Silent Movie* is welcome not the least for its audacity. Nobody makes silent movies any more, but the last person who might be expected to try is Brooks, who began his career cooking up outrageous interludes for Sid Caesar, consorted with Carl Reiner in the creation of the splendidly garrulous 2,000 Year Old Man (2,013 on his last birthday), and made a group of antic movies (*Blazing Saddles*, *Young Frankenstein*) that needed dialogue for life's blood. Brooks' favorite weapon was the non sequitur (mankind's greatest invention, according to the 2,000 Year Old Man, was Saran Wrap). He also excelled at illogical logic and brassy, daffy asides, like the hermit in *Young Frankenstein* sulking because the monster had shambled off without sampling his espresso.

In *Silent Movie*, Brooks has put these devices aside, or worked to find purely visual equivalents: in a spicy Szechwan

restaurant, where steam billows from the customers' mouths and ears; in a romantic fantasy number, featuring the bride and groom coming to life atop a wedding cake, tapping down the tiered layers and sinking in a swamp of frosting. There is a rambunctious interlude in a sports car, small and overcrowded, where a pregnant passenger in the boot tips the balance and sends the MG down the street on rear axle power, looking like a bicycle on training wheels.

Desperate Scheme. The movie has to do with the efforts of a down-at-the-heels Hollywood director named Mel Funn (portrayed, inevitably, by Brooks himself) and his desperate scheme to save not just his own career but a major studio. Funn wants to make a silent movie, a comedy, of course. The studio chief (Sid Caesar) thinks Mel is nuts, but Mel, a pro, counters with the one blandishment proved irresistible to moguls on the ropes—movie stars. What if Funn and his two buddies (Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise) are able to round up some of Hollywood's brightest? As the unholy trio hits the well-manicured streets of Beverly Hills, struggling to recruit the likes of Paul Newman, Anne Bancroft, James Caan, Liza Minnelli and Burt Reynolds, the studio chief stewes in his office, combatting a takeover by a notoriously ruthless conglomerate called Engulf and Devour.

That is all the plot there is. Brooks assumes that all he needs is a premise, and he may be right. The movie is a series of set pieces for Mel and the boys: pursuing Paul Newman in electric wheelchairs; surprising Burt in his shower; bringing poor comfort to the studio head, now stricken by a heart attack and laid up in the hospital; or sweet-talking—silently, of course—an extravagantly campy sex bomb (Bernadette Peters) into joining the cause. Under scrutiny this premise may not be quite enough. *Silent Movie* could have used the sort of unifyingly insane notion that made Brooks' *The Producers* memorable: make a success by mounting the most miserable failure you can find. *Silent Movie* is very much like a revue, laughs hung out on a thin line. It is a line that Brooks walks with zany skill, however. He is a tightrope artist who makes it from one side to the other with just a couple of false steps, and he has the inspired, reckless lunacy to turn a couple of handstands along the precarious route. All without a net, too.

Jay Cocks

Gumshoes

MURDER BY DEATH

Directed by ROBERT MOORE
Screenplay by NEIL SIMON

Take a shot at this: try talking about a Neil Simon piece—play or movie or TV sketch—without retelling one of his gags. It is no secret that Simon's writing depends mostly on jokes, the kind of good delicatessen dialogue comedy writers toss off during a fast lunch. Niceties like plot and characterization are provided largely to make the jokes work. Simon's characters have quirks in place of personalities, and they tend to talk alike, because the jokes have little to do with the people who say them. Sometimes Simon conveys the uneasy feeling that dialogue from *The Odd Couple* could have been transposed from *Plaza Suite*, and that any one of the population of *Murder by Death*, convivial as they may be, could be set down, unruffled, in the middle of *California Suite* (TIME, June 21).

Easy Laughter. This may explain the feeling that Simon is working the audience over even as he is making it laugh. At the end of *Murder by Death*, which is casually funny and lovingly acted, one feels manipulated by a master. The laughter comes easy but it is always without challenge or surprise. Simon has all the blessings of supreme craftsmanship and most of the limitations as well. After a bit, even his skill starts to get in his way, as if one had called up



STUMPED SLEUTHS IN *MURDER BY DEATH*
Ratiocination run amuck.

CINEMA

Dial-a-Joke and got an LP recording.

Murder by Death, a broad send-up of Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Indians*, is fair enough fun. Simon's jokes, if predictable, are also reliable, and Director Robert Moore has recruited some splendid actors to make them work. It is Simon's notion that Eccentric Millionaire and Amateur Criminologist Lionel Twain (played by Truman Capote, whose witless impersonation ought to make him ashamed of all the snotty things he has said about actors) invites a group of the world's greatest detectives to his mansion "for dinner and a murder." On the guest list: Milo Perrier (James Coco), a pudgy, smug and overbearing Belgian sleuth; tough, trench-coated Sam Diamond (Peter Falk) and his loyal secretary Tess Skeffington (Eileen Brennan); Jessica Marbles, a cunningly dotty Englishwoman (Elsa Lanchester) and her ailing nurse Miss Withers (Estelle Winwood); Sidney Wang (Peter Sellers), a grindingly polite Oriental given to compulsive aphorisms and faulty grammar; and the unflappably elegant, bibulous society sleuths, Dick and Dora Charleston (David Niven and Maggie Smith). Dealing with the guests are Bensonmum the Butler (Alec Guinness, who is blind, and Yetta the Maid (Nancy Walker), who cannot hear or speak. It is one measure of Simon's skill, however, that Yetta earns the movie's biggest laugh without recourse to dialogue.

Compounded Confusion. The murder victim is... well, one of the above, and all the rest are suspects. Everyone has a solution to the crime, each improbable, amusing and thoroughly confounding. The explanation at the final fade-out is compounded confusion, a mess of accusations, counteraccusations and ratiocination run amuck.

Even so, *Murder by Death* lacks the verbal facility of Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound*, its startling invention and its fine edge of intellectual gamesmanship. Stoppard mocked the conventional mystery form, but he expanded it even as he trifled with it. Simon just uses it for a set-up. **J.C.**

Sowing Wild Oafs

HARRY AND WALTER GO TO NEW YORK

Directed by MARK RYDELL

Screenplay by JOHN BYRUM
and ROBERT KAUFMAN

Movies like this are the price audiences have to pay for liking *The Sting*. Harry (James Caan) and Walter (Elliott Gould) are bumptious turn-of-the-century vaudevillians with more talent for stealing the customers' wallets than for stealing the show. Offstage they drink out of the finger bowls at posh restaurants, swat each other with their hats à

la Laurel and Hardy and cause everything they touch to blow up in their faces, from a bottle of champagne to a vial of nitroglycerin. "They're not oafs," someone says of them. "They would require practice to become oafs."

Since they cannot crack Broadway, Harry and Walter decide the next best thing would be to break into a bank vault. Having met a notorious gentleman thief (Michael Caine) during a prison stretch, they filch the plans for his next job and try to beat him to it. Their unlikely accomplices: a radical newspaper editor (Diane Keaton) and her band of ragged reformers, who want to use the loot to set up a milk fund for New York City's poor.

The real quest of both sets of thieves is for some spark of genuine humor amid all these outrageous contrivances. The screenplay is little help. It keeps turning up yokel lines like, "Paris—that's near Europe and Asia." Caan and Gould fall back on a series of frantic semaphores to the audience, calling attention to how adorably prankish they are being. Director Mark Rydell's notion of how to give shape to a scene apparently is to make it louder and faster. This does produce an occasional laugh, just as somebody pounding a piano with a baseball bat is bound to produce an occasional musical tone.

But taken in its two-hour entirety, *Harry and Walter* is not very tedious. It would require practice to become tedious. **Christopher Porterfield**

Common Sensurround

MIDWAY

Directed by JACK SMIGHT

Screenplay by DONALD S. SANFORD

The most sensitive and intelligent thing about *Midway* is its employment of Sensurround. Since the basic idea of this sound system, first used in *Earthquake*, is to make the audience feel that things like bomb explosions are literally rocking the theater, it comes as a surprise that the engineers in charge have twiddled the dials on their mixing console with a delicacy that would do credit to a concert pianist fingering his way through some Chopin filigree. Especially impressive is the handling of an aircraft carrier's flight-deck operation—from the first cough of the first motor to the roar of an entire squadron.

But man does not live by his tympanum alone, and the rest of the movie is, frankly, a mess. There was a decent impulse behind it, namely to make an hour by hour study of how the American and Japanese fleets groped their way toward the naval battle that effectively decommissioned the Japanese navy in World War II. For half an hour or so hope flares temptingly that a film



HESTON AS FLYBOY IN MIDWAY
Noise is his copilot.

first is in the making—a coherent explanation of how a complex military engagement was actually fought.

But this is precisely the sort of thing that scares moviemakers with a big budget at stake. All too quickly they are cranking up a drearily conventionalized fiction in which Charlton Heston clenches and unclenches his jaw muscles as he tries to sort out his relationship with his son, who has inconveniently fallen in love with a Japanese-American girl the authorities erroneously believe to be a spy.

Sickening Speed. Studio stuff, location stuff, newsreel footage, model shots—even outtakes from the classic turkey *Tora! Tora! Tora!*—are more or less artfully blended to give a vague feeling of what a modern naval engagement must be like—the large distances separating the antagonists when they launch their planes, the sickening speed with which the flames spread when they find their targets. But there is no real sense of the flow of fortune in the battle—the camera shies away from any attempt at analysis. The Japanese, led by Toshiro Mifune, are neatly dressed and stoic (a useful virtue if most of your dialogue has to be dubbed into English). The Americans, led by Henry Fonda, are more rumpled and informal, but equally blessed with manly virtue. This evenhandedness, this unwillingness to question the military skills of anyone involved, of course, further vitiates the drama. Surely in this historical event someone somewhere made a really dumb boner, surely someone got hysterical, or at least lost his nerve.

On these points the movie stands mute, in the end falling back on the one thing all knew was surefire—Sensurround technology. So *Midway* ends not with a bang, but with more of them than you can count. **Richard Schickel**



NEWSDAY'S GROSS AT NEW YORK NETS GAME, TIMES'S HERMAN INTERVIEWING ON THE ICE & JOURNAL'S DODDS COVERING MILWAUKEE OPEN

THE PRESS

Sultanas of Sweat

The home-town Hornets have just blanked the circuit-leading Mudhens, and the "writers"—as athletes tend to call reporters—are crowded into the Hornet locker room. There in the whirlpool bath is Ace Hurler ace Hurley, naked as a slow curve, telling a cub reporter how he fanned the last three enemy swatters. She is scribbling fast.

She? The locker room, perhaps the last defensible male bastion in journalism, has gone coed. Since the National Hockey League broke the ice last year, more and more pro teams are admitting women to the sanctuaries of sweat. It is perhaps the biggest breakthrough for female scribes since Jane Swisshelm became the first woman reporter to invade the congressional press gallery more than a century ago.

Once a rarity, a woman sportswriter has become a fixture at a majority of major U.S. dailies. Of the 180 or so American print journalists accredited to this month's Montreal Olympics, about a dozen are women—not many, but possibly ten more than were at Munich in 1972. Women sportswriters, used to be relegated to covering women's basketball, field hockey and sport fashions, but now work such brawny beats as football and boxing. Indeed, the demand for women writers may be outstripping the supply. Says Blackie Sherrod, sports editor of the Dallas *Times-Herald*: "I wish I had one. Everybody's looking for one. What I'd give for a good one!"

Good ones are proving they can do as well as men—or better. *Newsday's* Jane Gross, 28, scooped the competition by slogging through court records to come up with a copy of Nets Forward Julius Erving's \$1.9 million contract.

Lynn Rosellini, 29, was recommended by the Washington *Star* for a Pulitzer Prize for her four-part series on homosexuality in sports, a topic male reporters have generally avoided. Mary Garber, 60, has been covering sports for the Winston-Salem *Journal* since 1944, and colleagues agree that she is the toughest interviewer in town.

Talk v. Action. Despite such performances, women sportswriters still face more obstacles than a hurdler. Sportswriting nowadays is focusing less on the play by play and more on the thoughts, problems and personal lives of athletes, and women can be at a disadvantage in getting close to their sources. "There is too much misunderstanding, too much innuendo if you try," says the Washington *Star's* Kathleen Maxa, 27. Assigned to cover a major tennis tournament last summer, Maxa talked a famous European player into an exclusive interview and accompanied him to his hotel, where it turned out that he was less interested in talk than action.

Nearly all male sportswriters have grown up breathing sports rules and statistics; many of the women newcomers lack that heritage of trivia. Cyndi Meagher, 28, who last year was transferred from the Detroit *News "Accent on Living"* page to the sports department, has made a few embarrassing mistakes, like confusing a stolen base with a runner's advancing on a throwing error. One irate fan mailed her a jock strap.

The players seem to be more enthusiastic. "Women are a lot better," says Heavyweight Boxer George Foreman. "They ask questions that are not usually asked." Says New York Islanders Defenseman Denis Potvin, whose team does not allow the New York *Times's* Robin Herman, 24, into the locker room.

"We know she is at a disadvantage, so we all try to accommodate her by giving her priority."

Women sportswriters sometimes have built-in advantages. "Male athletes are more relaxed when their interviewer is a woman," says the Washington *Post's* Joan Ryan, 40. "A man can show his gentler side and his emotions to a woman." Washington *Star* Sports Editor David Burgin argues that women "bring a freshness to the sports section—they ask the whys and hows of things." Two seasons ago, for instance, while male reporters stayed home after bad weather canceled a University of Wisconsin practice session, Tracy Dodds, 24, of the Milwaukee *Journal* went to the stadium anyway—and came back with a moving story about a forlorn quarterback working out in the snow, trying to stay on the team.

Some women sportswriters are troubled that their quest for equality has been lost in the hoopla over admission to a few locker rooms. Says the Washington *Post's* Nancy Scannell, 30: "The men are usually dressed or so swaddled in towels that it makes no difference. I just ask the coach to have a player come outside. That way you get fresh quotes." Adds Betty Cuniberti, 25, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*: "Political reporters don't jump into the shower with Ronald Reagan."

But hurdles remain: there are as yet no female sports editors at major newspapers, and not many women have been entrusted with that sports-page prize, a regular, signed column. Some women sportswriters credit much of their progress to circulation-boosting hype and tokenism. Says Jane Gross: "One of the real signs that women sportswriters have arrived will be when newspapers start having more than one."

Jefferson: Taste of The Founder

The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, made the Louisiana Purchase and dispatched the Lewis and Clark Expedition was also a multifarious taster of art, a dilettante. Lacking a theory, Thomas Jefferson was blessed with an eclectic curiosity about aesthetic experience. As architect, he drew up some of the most refined structures in all Georgian building—Monticello, the Richmond Capitol and an "Academical village," the university of his native Virginia. He also had a devouring and insistent eye for detail: designs for stair rails, coffee urns, goblets and garden gates flowed from his hand. He systematically assembled a library, "not merely amassing a number of books, but distinguishing them in subordination to early art and science."

Instructive Figure. He studied landscape design and was a botanist. He was also one of the first foreigners to discern, as minister to France in the 1780s, the challenging merits of new artists like Jacques Louis David and Antonio Canova. "I do not feel an interest in any pencil but that of David," he wrote in a flush of enthusiasm. Jefferson became the first American to transcend the cultural provinciality of his own land, moving with some ease between the New World and the Old. Even if he had had no political life, he would on that ground alone have been one of the most instructive figures of the 18th century.

Jefferson's achievements and tastes are celebrated in a vast show (609 items), that runs through the summer at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. The aim of "The Eye of Thomas Jefferson" is to sketch the cultural environments through which Jefferson moved. This is a pharaonic enterprise: pushed to its limit, the subject of such an exhibit might be nothing less than the whole of aristocratic and high bourgeois culture in Georgian England, America and France. Of course, no show could encompass (or even adequately sample) all that; so what there is, in essence, is a glamorous but uneven struggle to display cultural history as saga.

Still, the exhibition is rich with detail. One realizes, with fresh interest, how cramped the visual resources of Jefferson's Virginian education must have been; his own remark on local architecture in 1781, that "the first principles of the art are unknown," is borne out in other fields by the stiff, crude society portraits of the young colony. The show traces the neoclassical ideal forming in Jefferson's ideals and tastes—the growing certainty that republicanism was a function of natural law, that a new age of civic virtue was dawning and

that an art of reasoned severity and correct classical proportion was needed to embody it. As William Howard Adams writes in the show's excellent catalogue: "Jefferson envisioned a style and form based on antiquity but with a purity that left behind history's corrupting influences of rotten governments, benighted rulers and unenlightened institutions."

Benevolent Squires. Here he is in Paris, "violently smitten" with the geometrical volumes of the Hôtel de Salm, so denuded of fripperies of rococo as to promise him a new mode of architectural thought. There he is in Nîmes, entranced by the proportions of the Roman Maison Carrée, ordering a model of it, which, shipped back to Virginia, became the basis of the Capitol at Richmond.

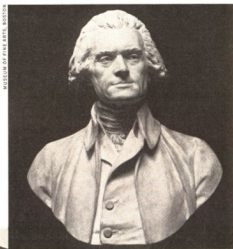
Of course, there are things one does not learn from the show. The part titled "The British Connection" is merely a rehash, laid forth in paintings, of the now outmoded picture of 18th century England as an Age of Elegance, populated by enlightened lords, benevolent squires and happy forelock-tugging peasants. The whole matter of slavery is discreetly omitted from Jefferson's American experience, although neither his wealth nor the leisure he needed for self-cultivation would have been possible without his slaves. (If the National Gallery wanted to be consistent in its policy of using great borrowed paintings to allude to the social and intellectual norms of Jefferson's day, it might as well have borrowed Turner's *Slave Ship*.)

Moreover, there is the problem that Jefferson had actually seen few of the major works in the show. There on view is the Uffizi's Medici Venus, because Jefferson longed to install a copy of her at Monticello. Not having been to Florence, he had never seen the original, which he knew through engravings and

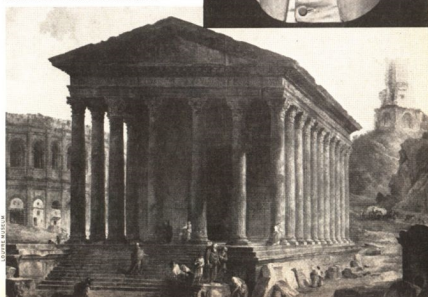
plasters. It is pleasant to see the Towneley Vase, that once renowned Attic marble of the 1st century A.D. on which Keats based several lines of *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. But Jefferson never saw it, and (as the catalogue admits) would probably have disliked the "licentious mysticism" of its Bacchic figures.

These distortions matter because they imply that Jefferson's experience of the visual arts was much wider than it really was. He did not have the automatic overview of a modern museumgoer; nor was he a kind of Yankee Kenneth Clark, mellifluously discoursing among the servants and mockingbirds of Monticello. He believed, correctly, that he was an instrument of history; but he did not imagine himself as a character in a cultural saga. Jefferson's tough, ambitious self-teaching, in all its patchiness, cannot have been the smooth inheritance of masterpieces that his show suggests. It was won, not inherited, and in that sense was profoundly American. **Robert Hughes**

THOMAS JEFFERSON BY HOUDON, 1789



HUBERT ROBERT'S MAISON CARREE, 1787



AT DORADO BEACH CONFERENCE, FROM LEFT: GISCARD, SCHMIDT, MIKI, HOST FORD, CALLAGHAN, TRUDEAU & MORO

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

OUTLOOK

Slow Is Safer—But Faster Gets Votes

A month ago, when President Ford invited six fellow world leaders to meet in Puerto Rico for a discussion of economic issues, his move was widely criticized both at home and abroad as a political ploy. The meeting was called, so went the criticism, to strengthen the President's chance of gaining the Republican nomination over Challenger Ronald Reagan. The summit did serve that purpose, Ford, who is at his best in small groups, enhanced his status as a world statesman last week by playing the charming and well-briefed host to British Prime Minister James Callaghan, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Italy's lame-duck Premier Aldo Moro, Japanese Premier Takeo Miki and Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Fortunately, the Puerto Rico summit served less narrow purposes as well. The atmosphere was almost totally different from the first economic summit last November, when the leaders spent a weekend at the Château de Rambouillet near Paris as the guests of Giscard. Then the mood was anxious concern about the worldwide recession. This time, as the leaders talked for eight hours at the Dorado Beach Hotel, overlooking a palm-lined shore, the mood was optimistic. The only real worry was that the world recovery might be proceeding too quickly.

The warning sign is a sudden resurgence of inflation. From January through May, prices have been rising at a faster rate than in 1975 in four of the seven nations represented at Puerto Rico. The British rate, though it declined from 24.9% to 15.7%, remains ruinously high. Meanwhile, the Japanese tempo has nearly doubled, and Italy's rate has rocketed to potentially cata-

strophic proportions (see chart). The U.S. has reduced its rate to an acceptable level—by following politically painful policies of holding down growth and accepting a high level of unemployment.

Spiraling inflation was the major factor that turned the 1971-73 boom years into the worst global recession since the 1930s. Two of the hallmarks of the last inflation are once more highly visible: rising commodity prices (one key index has climbed 30% since last November) and sharp increases in the money supply in some countries, notably France (where it is currently growing at an annual rate of 22%).

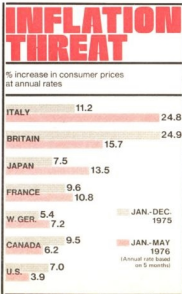
Since a renewal of inflation could choke off the worldwide recovery, Ford was eager to get his fellow leaders to commit themselves to a go-slow ap-

proach to recovery. That is scarcely a policy that entrances voters. As Treasury Secretary William Simon put it: "Preaching moderate growth is like trying to sell leprosy." But Ford had a powerful ally in West Germany's Schmidt, a former Finance Minister who believes that combating inflation should be the No. 1 priority among the industrialized democracies. By contrast, Britain and Italy, which are lagging behind in the recovery, would still like to achieve U.S. and German-style growth rates as a means of reducing their unemployment.

Even so, the U.S.-West German viewpoint prevailed. The final communiqué stated: "Our objective now is to manage effectively a transition to expansion which will be sustainable, which will reduce the high level of unemployment which persists in many countries and will not jeopardize our common aim of avoiding a new wave of inflation."

Ice Breaking. The summit procedures resembled a well-run college seminar. With Ford as moderator, the leaders sat around a specially constructed seven-sided table. As each new topic (energy policy, Third World trade) was launched, one leader served as "ice-breaker," making a brief statement that started the discussion. The leaders were flanked by their Foreign and Finance Ministers, but the aides did not speak unless invited. Usually a leader would raise his hand to signal his desire to speak, and Ford would recognize him. But Canada's Trudeau and West Germany's Schmidt, both highly forceful types, often interrupted in English.

On issues other than inflation, the leaders dealt mainly in even vaguer generalities, especially in the final 1,700-word declaration. Though energy was discussed intensely for an hour, the final document included only one sentence on



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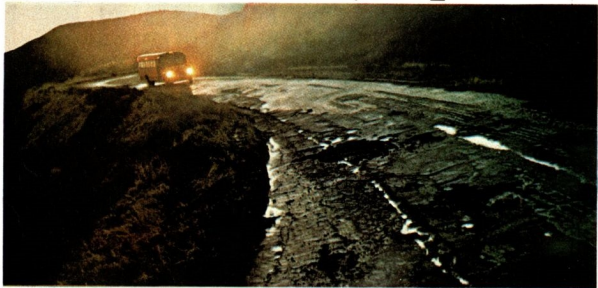


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the subject. "We did not want the OPEC countries to think we were ganging up on them," explained one U.S. official. Similarly, in referring to trade problems between the developed and underdeveloped worlds, the leaders expressed themselves only in platitudes. They did, however, reaffirm their determination to complete by the close of 1977 the multilateral trade negotiations, now under way in Geneva, that are aimed at further liberalization of trade.

Belt Tightening. The leaders pondered the special problems of Italy, which has just emerged from crucial elections in which the Communists scored gains but failed to replace the Christian Democrats as the dominant party. The Western leaders obviously are eager to help Italy overcome its economic dilemma (unemployment is 7%, growth is a mere 1.5%). Yet, they want to prod the Italians into meaningful reforms and large budget cuts.

Helmut Sonnenfeldt, who is Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's chief aide, candidly declared at a press briefing that the amount of U.S. aid could not be determined so long as Italy's political situation remained "complicated." By that, he obviously meant until the role of the Communists in the nation's political life was clearer. Treasury Secretary Simon bluntly told reporters that foreign loans would "require necessary belt-tightening by the Italians." He added: "Otherwise, it would mean throwing the money out the window." Even so, Simon suggested, Italy might be allowed a "super-tranche" (meaning roughly an extra slice of borrowing from the International Monetary Fund), until it had surmounted its problems. Britain also came under criticism from the more prosperous nations to reduce its welfare expenditures. The British got the impression that the U.S. and Germany want them to cut outlays by \$4 billion.

Own Way. Italian Premier Moro and British Prime Minister Callaghan listened attentively—but both face such sensitive political pressures at home they are not free to put the Puerto Rican summit advice into practice. Any Christian Democrat who forms a post-election Italian government will have to gain the support of the Communists for an effective economic stabilization plan. The result might be unacceptable to Western financial experts, and their refusal could push Italy farther down the path toward financial ruin—and hasten the time when the Italian Communists do come to power.

Aware of the pressures from the left wing in his Labor Party against budget cuts, Britain's Callaghan openly told his summit colleagues that "we set a series of common objectives, but we are each going our own way to achieve them." The divergence of approach may spell trouble in the coming months, but a commitment of world leaders to fight inflation is highly useful—if only it can be made to stick.

LABOR

The Cities Get Tough

There is no joy these days at the Washington headquarters of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, which represents some 750,000 various government workers throughout the nation. Wails Jerry Wurf, the union's president: "Every day I come to work and there's a stack of clips on my desk from around the country. Most of it's bad news. The courts are dumping on us, and the politicians think we're great whipping posts. You might say we're the object of some hostility."

Faced with rising budget deficits, many states and cities are, indeed, getting unusually tough with their employees. What is more, officials are enjoying wide public support as they take stern measures to hold the line on wages, cut back on overtime, lay off workers, demand greater productivity and fire public servants who walk off their jobs despite the existence of no-strike laws.

John Bailey, an AFSCME official in Oregon, says he and his aides are finecombing government budgets throughout the state "to determine whether or not they really have the money. If we find it, we're going to be very hard-nosed in our bargaining. If it's not there, who are we trying to kid? You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip." Nonetheless, Wurf and his union are trying to battle back with a \$1 million advertising campaign, the theme of which is that public employees are not really looting government treasuries. Says Wurf: "All those classy pensions people think we've got—half of them are meaningless because there's no money to pay for them."

The situation is not really that simple. Pension funds are indeed running short in many cities, but the contractual commitment to pay the pensions remains. High pensions and other fringe benefits have, in part, forced New York City into its continual flirtation with municipal bankruptcy. The city has long had a cozy relationship with its police, firemen's and sanitationmen's unions. But last week even New York's militant unions faced up to reality: 67 of them, representing 161,000 of the city's 247,000 employees, accepted a two-year, "no cost" contract that provides only for modest cost-of-living salary adjustments (at most, \$543 a year). More pointedly, the contract allows such raises only if they can be offset by increases in productivity or reductions in fringe benefits. As a result of the agreement, Treasury Secretary William Simon announced that New York would immediately get a \$500 million installment on the \$2.3 bil-



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NURSE AT WORK



lion in loans promised by the Federal Government. The loan enabled the city to survive yet another deadline in meeting financial obligations or going into bankruptcy.

New Yorkers are far from alone in demonstrating hostility toward public employees. Some examples:

► Detroit last week notified 972 policemen that they would be laid off for economic reasons. The startled cops retaliated with a wave of "blue flu," calling in sick. Detroit Mayor Coleman Young said officers who cannot document their illnesses will lose pay.

► A superior court judge in San Francisco found four leaders of city craft unions guilty of contempt of court for ignoring an injunction not to strike last spring (TIME, April 26). The city's board of supervisors voted to confirm the \$5.5 million salary cuts that had set off the 38-day strike. San Francisco residents last month voted a freeze on police and firemen's wages and reduced the starting pay of newly hired officers.

► New Orleans placed a hold on ballooning overtime pay to its municipal employees. Such pay had risen from \$5 million in 1972 to \$12 million last year. Policemen, for example, had averaged \$4,000 per year in overtime pay. Only under highly extraordinary circumstances will overtime now be allowed.

► After a three-day walkout by 45,000 state employees was settled with the help of a mediator, Massachusetts secured a contract provision that will allow it to set productivity and performance standards for all state employees. The standards, to be established by a Governor's task force, are expected to be stern. The Bay State's action reflects a trend: according to the National Civil Service League, 187 of 338 large governmental units surveyed had made reforms in their civil service systems between 1971 and 1974, designed mostly to increase productivity.

► In two cases last week, the U.S. Supreme Court in effect confirmed that under certain circumstances school boards can fire teachers who go on strike if antistrike laws are on the books in their states. At issue was the dismissal of teachers in Hortonville, Wis., and Dearborn Heights, Mich. It was a blow to the increasingly influential education associations (see EDUCATION).

► Following a Supreme Court decision that cities can require their employees to live within city boundaries, a number of towns, large and small, are moving to enforce residency requirements. Among them are Atlanta, Philadelphia, Detroit, New Orleans, Boston and Chicago, where Mayor Richard Daley insists: "If Chicago is good enough to work for, it is good enough to live in."



LAVISH LA COSTA RESORT FINANCED BY TEAMSTERS' PENSION FUND MONEY

Fund Under the Gun

Imagine a vast investment trust, say \$1.5 billion or so, that each year takes in hundreds of millions of dollars in small, but regular, tax-deductible cash contributions. Fantasize further that the trustees, with impunity, sink the money into anything they like—the pet projects of some dear friends, for example—while at the same time cutting out of the kitty many of the fund's supposed beneficiaries. Now let imagination truly soar: the trust's investment income is all tax-free.

Such a gravy train actually exists. It is called the Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Funds of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and it is a main source of the bare-knuckled union's awesome power. But last week the Internal Revenue Service challenged that power by canceling the fund's tax-exempt status, retroactive to Jan. 31, 1965. The IRS will surely have to defend its decision in court, but so far it has not even announced officially that it has changed the fund's status.

Should the IRS win its point, several years hence, the fund's income theoretically will be taxable at the same rate that applies to single individuals: 70% on nonsalary income exceeding \$100,000 a year. Actually, the fund probably will still be free of taxes, past or present. Any benefits payments it makes are deductible, and they tend to be greater than the fund's investment income. Ironically, the real losers will be either employers who contribute to the fund or rank-and-file union members. Employers, who pay \$22 per week into the fund for each of more than 420,000 Teamsters in 22 states, could no longer deduct those payments as a business ex-

pense. They might choose to add the \$22 to wages instead—wages are a deductible expense—in which case the union members themselves would have to pay taxes on the extra income. Then the workers might have to start making their own, nondeductible, contributions to the fund.

The fund may be in for some real trouble, too. Since late last year, a joint task force of the Departments of Labor and Justice has been poring manfully through a stack of documents hundreds of feet thick to unravel the story of the fund's operations. The Labor Department conceivably could order removal of some or all of the fund's 16 trustees—eight union men, eight representatives of management—if it finds investments that were imprudent or entailed conflicts of the trustees' interests. The Justice Department could start criminal prosecutions for fraud.

Shaky Ventures. The IRS got involved because it is empowered to cancel a pension fund's tax exemption if trustees have misused the fund's assets to the detriment of pensioners. Over the years, the Teamsters' fund has been accused constantly of doing exactly that. Since its inception in 1955, the fund has been notorious for making large loans to shaky business ventures, many of them controlled by Mafia chiefs who are cozy with Teamster bosses. Investigators from time to time have turned up instances of kickbacks to union officials or underworld figures for arranging loans.

Some of the loans have not been secured, but granted on the basis of a handshake or a vague document. Sometimes a piece of property is mortgaged to the fund, sold and resold, then serves as collateral for several loans. The fund has

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

been accused of taking little care to ensure its borrowers' ability to repay. The Labor-Justice task force has reportedly discovered that hundreds of millions of pensioners' dollars simply vanished.

Task Force Chief James D. Hutchinson has made few of his findings public, but he did reveal last week that the fund had disbursed a staggering \$780 million in real estate loans and mortgages—a huge proportion for a fiduciary institution. La Costa, the lavish resort near San Diego frequented by Teamster bosses and racketeers, was built with an estimated \$57 million of the fund's money; \$40 million reportedly has never been repaid. More than \$200 million has been lent by the fund to finance hotels and casinos in Las Vegas.

At the same time, many Teamsters hoping to retire at age 57 and reap the fund's maximum benefit payment of \$550 monthly have found themselves disqualified by intricate and arbitrary eligibility requirements. Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons boasted at the union's convention last month that 93% of the applications for pensions are accepted—but many Teamsters who find, for example, that they have inadvertently run afoul of continuous-service requirements never bother to apply.

In the wake of the IRS action, opposition to Fitzsimmons within the union is already increasing. "The boys are really pissed," says John Sikorski of the Professional Drivers Council, a dissident group that last week received a slew of membership applications. "This hurts them where they feel it—in the wallet." But Fitzsimmons was re-elected last month, and the Teamsters constitution makes it virtually impossible to remove him until his new term expires in 1981.

PERSONALITY

The SEC's Top Cop

Businessmen charge he is too zealous. Ralph Nader calls him "a public servant who takes his public trust seriously." His own associates merely marvel that one man can do so much; a colleague says he routinely puts in 17-hour days, "going 90 m.p.h. all the way." Stanley Sporkin, 44, sees his task more simply: to throw a spotlight on wrongdoers. He heads the enforcement division of the Securities and Exchange Commission, which brings charges against companies for violations of securities laws and thus polices 9,000 public companies, 3,500 brokerage houses, 3,700 investment advisers and 1,300 investment companies. Though the SEC's traditional concern is to stop fraudulent or manipulative stock transactions, Sporkin has also interpreted his mandate to include forcing companies to disclose the facts about bribes, kickbacks and illegal political payoffs. If that view of how to protect stockholder interests

The cost of living goes up every year.

Today, people have a better chance of recovering from an automobile accident or an industrial injury. Because of continuing advances in modern medical science.

But sophisticated diagnostic equipment like this is very expensive. To keep pace with such rising medical costs, the price of protecting you or your business against liability for accidents or injuries has to go up, too.

Insurance, after all, is simply a means of spreading risk.

Insurance companies collect premiums from many people and compensate the few who have losses.

The price of insurance must reflect the rising cost of compensating those losses and the work that goes into



doing that. And that's why your premiums have been going up.

*No one likes higher prices.
But we're telling it straight.*

**CRUM & FORSTER
INSURANCE COMPANIES
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A suffering child needs your help. Now.



Consider little Clemaria, 7 years old, and her brother, Jose Mario, 3, who are victims of their environment in a teeming city of Brazil. They are hungry. They live in a house made of adobe, without water or light. They use old boxes for furniture, their bedding is rags. The mother suffers from a heart condition and spends most of her time in bed. As you look into Clemaria's eyes, you can see she is tired of life.

Why is it the children suffer the most?

Perhaps because there are so many poor and hungry children, they no longer are considered important news. And yet, one-fourth of the world's children are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of too little food (while each day the average American eats 900 more calories than he needs and twice as much protein as his body requires). Since world population increases at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lags, it is predictable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year.

As this text was being written (in February, 1976), Clemaria and her brother were among nearly 20,000 children in the world registered by Christian Children's Fund but awaiting a sponsor to provide food, clothing, housing and medical care. Sponsors will surely be found for these

two youngsters, but what about the other children?

Not only the 20,000 on CCF's waiting list, but what about the millions of others who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time, children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference?

What can be done about them? We must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children like Clemaria who are hurting. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Clemaria—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered.

You can have the satisfaction of knowing your concern made the difference. It is late. Somewhere in the world a child is waiting.

We will send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.

I want to help!

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help.

I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$ _____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph. I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$ _____

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail today to: Dr. Verent J. Mills

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SEC INVESTIGATOR SPORKIN
The Damon Runyon look.

causes complaints—and it does—Sporkin has the almost missionary morality not to mind.

To date, his 600-person staff has forced the disclosure of massive overseas payoffs by the likes of Gulf Oil, Lockheed, Northrop and United Brands. It has also encouraged more than 100 other companies to make voluntary confessions of unethical activities. And the end is not in sight. As a New York City securities lawyer puts it, "Stanley just cannot stand the thought that somewhere in the world someone is doing wrong and not being punished for it."

Machine-Gun Burst. Sporkin sees the violations as "a blight on our great economic system. We've got to stop it." He came by his love of justice from his father, a Philadelphia judge. After honing his business instincts by becoming a C.P.A. and a lawyer, Sporkin joined the SEC in 1962, quickly gaining a reputation as a fierce investigator. When the job of top cop came open, Sporkin was a natural for it. But neither his superiors nor his wife nor three children have ever been able to make him look like a businessman—or a lawyer either. Enveloped in a rumpled suit, with a stubby tie barely reaching the slope of his ample belly, Sporkin has the appearance of a Damon Runyon character who just finished an all-night poker game.

At work, Sporkin's style is feverish. During one recent hour-long meeting, he mapped out a course in management fraud for Yale Law School (his alma mater) while rewriting some SEC legislation and fielding half a dozen phone calls. Sporkin has also been known to lean back in a meeting with high-powered business executives for ten minutes of closed-eye contemplation that uncannily resembles sleep—and then deliver a machine-gun burst of pointed questions.

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Colleagues say Sporkin could easily triple his \$37,800-a-year salary by going to work for a private law firm.

Because his job is so big and his budget so small—only \$1.5 million a year—Sporkin has had to find shortcuts to save staff time and money. He has, for example, encouraged lawyers and accountants to watch for wrongdoing in the companies they serve, then report it to the SEC. Says Sporkin: "We get at least two or three tips a day from them."

Bribery at Home? When the wave of slush-fund and payoff scandals began to break, he also developed the idea of consent agreements. His bright young staff—average age is under 30—would collect evidence of wrongdoing and confront the companies with it. Then the corporations would continue the probe under SEC supervision, using untainted directors, lawyers and accountants to do the work. In the Gulf Oil case, the guilty company spent \$3.5 million on its investigation.

Many businessmen feel Sporkin is overreaching his authority. Milton Freeman, who heads an American Bar Association subcommittee on SEC enforcement activities, insists that bribes, payoffs and political contributions are not "material" to stockholder interests—as long as dollar amounts remain relatively minor compared with company income. Says he: "If payoffs are being made overseas, and it's not hurting the company, it's no business of the SEC." Sporkin's reply: "What can be more important to stockholders than knowing how companies account—or don't account—for their money?"

Pressure is nonetheless building for Sporkin to go slow. In a recent letter to Senator William Proxmire, Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson was worried about the SEC's "expansive definition of materiality," meaning its prosecution of bribery and kickback cases. That drew a sharp reply from SEC Chairman Roderick Hills, and Richardson backed off—at least temporarily. Characteristically, Sporkin wants to expand his job even further: "We've seen the worst of the overseas scandals but I'm afraid only the beginning of straightforward, old-fashioned bribery and embezzlement here at home. There's a lot of money out there that is unaccounted for that's sticking to people's fingers." Anyway, he says, he would much rather be accused of going too far than of doing too little.

BANKING

Freeze in Mississippi

It sounds like a story out of the Depression: depositors frightened about the safety of their savings make panicky mass withdrawals, threatening the stability of the institutions involved. Finally, worried legislators enact a freeze on deposits—a la Franklin Roosevelt's Bank Holiday of 1933—leaving tens of

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RUN ON NEW YORK BANK, 1930; (INSET), S & L WITHDRAWAL IN MISS., 1976
A reminder that there are still holes in the network of safety.

thousands of savers wondering when, if ever, they can get their money out. It happened late last month in Mississippi, and the case serves as a reminder that there are still some holes in the vaunted system of federal insurance that generally makes the great bulk of deposits in banks and savings and loan associations totally safe.

Emergency Session. One hole is that a handful of states (Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, North Carolina and Ohio) allow state-chartered S & Ls to choose federal insurance, private insurance—or even no insurance. In Mississippi, eight S & Ls are uninsured; another 32 institutions doing about one-third of the S & L business in the state carry private insurance, most of it written by American Savings Insurance Co. The trouble began in early May, when two stockholders filed suit against the state's second largest S & L, the 47-branch Bankers Trust (which has no relation to the well-known New York bank of the same name). The plaintiffs charged that because of mismanagement, Bankers Trust was about to default on some of its \$211 million in savings deposits. Bankers Trust officials at first denied it, but several weeks later agreed to place the S & L in receivership.

It then dawned on savers in other S & Ls that Bankers Trust not only was insured by, but owned 45% of American Savings. Heavy withdrawals began in the other nonfederally insured S & Ls, and by late June had developed into a full-fledged run on deposits. After conferring with Treasury Secretary William Simon, Mississippi Governor Charles ("Cliff") Finch proposed legislation freezing most business—no withdrawals, no loans—at the nonfederally in-

sured S & Ls. The legislature hustled the bill through in its first emergency session since Hurricane Camille devastated the Gulf Coast in 1969.

The bill means the end of private S & L insurance in Mississippi: the closed institutions are required to negotiate to join the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corp. by April 1, 1977. Meanwhile, 18 have been allowed to reopen, but 22 are still closed, and the savings of their depositors hang in the balance. For example, Bankers Trust Depositor H.G. Fowler, 68, lived with his wife in a mobile home for 18 years while they saved to buy their own house. They did, only six days before the lawsuit was filed against Bankers Trust, and now worry that if they cannot tap their savings accounts, their Social Security income will not be enough to cover notes coming due on the house. Mississippi banks have offered to consider loans to stranded depositors in the S & Ls, but the Fowlers are not reassured. Says the despondent Mr. Fowler: "We have worked and saved and done without so we could be independent in our old age—but what good does it do now?"

AUTOS

A Fiesta for Ford

In predicting the success of a new small car, an experienced oddsmaker would take the following into account: European roads are already jammed with minicars of a dozen different makes, sales of small foreign cars in the U.S. are slipping, and sales of U.S.-made subcompacts are declining steadily, while the rest of the auto industry enjoys a boom. So to put it mildly, the decision by Ford Motor Co. to drive into the transatlantic market with the smallest car it has ever made, the Fiesta, is a big gamble. The car is already in production in several European plants. Although it will not be exported to the U.S. until 1977, it will be launched officially in Europe in September—on the 19th anniversary of the debut of the ill-fated Edsel, which eventually cost Ford losses estimated at \$350 million.

If the Fiesta is a bust, the red ink will be much deeper. The car has already cost Ford \$800 million. "By the time we're through," predicts one senior Ford executive, "there won't be much change left out of a billion." Five years in the making, the Fiesta came close to being scrapped a few years ago when the energy crisis crippled the European car market. But Chairman Henry Ford II defended the project and, not surprisingly, it survived.

Tin Lizzie. The Fiesta comes in three versions (regular, sports and Ghia, a kind of minilimousine) with a choice of three different motors (40, 45 and 53 h.p.). It features front-wheel drive, disc brakes, trim lines, rear seats that can be folded down to make room for baggage and such smaller luxury touches as capacious ashtrays and rear-window wipers. It is 15 in. shorter than the Pinto M.P.G., Ford's smallest current U.S. model—yet, during a recent Fiesta test drive, TIME Correspondent Roger Beardwood had no trouble finding room for his 6-ft. 2-in. frame.

Fiesta's European prices—about \$3,200 for the standard version, \$4,500 for the top-of-the-line Ghia—place the car in direct competition with such popular models as the VW Rabbit, Audi 50 and Fiat 127. "We see this as the Tin Lizzie of the future, a car that will appeal



THE NEW "TRANS-EUROPEAN" CAR TO BE INTRODUCED IN SEPTEMBER
If it is a bust, the losses will be greater than on the Edsel.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

to people everywhere," says Robert A. Lutz, 44, head of Ford in Germany. Ford plans to manufacture 500,000 Fiestas a year; every fifth car will go to the U.S. starting in 1977. In Europe, the numbers are on Ford's side: since 1970 minicars have gained an increasing share of the market, notably in Germany, Italy, France and Spain.

One problem Fiesta will have to overcome is that brand loyalty in Europe is high. Another is that in countries where they are not manufactured, Fords are often discriminated against in favor of locally made cars. On the latter score, Fiesta has a distinct advantage: it will be assembled in plants in Germany, France and Spain, out of components manufactured in at least six countries. Says Lutz: "We call it the first truly trans-European car."

The most serious drawback to Fiesta's manufacturing plans at this point seems to be the labor militancy and inflation that have been on the rise in Spain since Franco's death. "I don't think our political antennae were working too well when we chose Spain for a major investment," says a senior official in Ford's European headquarters. Things are running smoothly there now. But since bodies for all the Fiestas assembled in Europe will be manufactured chiefly at the Ford plant in Valencia, Spain, a strike could mean a long siesta for Ford workers in other countries.

FOOD

The Formula Flap (Contd.)

Switzerland's passion-charged baby-food libel trial (TIME, Feb. 16) has ended in something of a draw. The plaintiff: the multinational Nestlé Alimentana, among whose myriad food products are powdered infant formulas marketed in less developed countries. The defendants: members of the Bern-based Third World Working Group. The group had distributed a German-language version of a British pamphlet that charged baby-food makers with causing the deaths of Third World babies by hard-selling their formulas to illiterate mothers incapable of preparing them properly. The Swiss pamphlet was entitled *Nestlé Kills Babies*. Two years ago, the company brought suit for libel.

Bern Judge Jürg Sollberger has now ruled that the pamphlet's title was in fact defamatory, but he ordered the 13 people found guilty to pay only token fines: \$120 each plus an additional \$160 toward Nestlé's legal expenses. The judge also granted the Third World group a moral "victory by commenting that Nestlé "must modify its publicity methods fundamentally." The defendants will appeal. Said one Nestlé spokesman: "Our marketing techniques are evolving all the time."



THIS OLD IRON GATE is the closest iron will ever get to the water we use for making Jack Daniel's Whiskey.

Our limestone cave spring runs at 56° year-round and is completely free of iron. That's why Jack Daniel built his distillery right alongside it in 1866. And why folks from neighboring counties still bring jugs to our Hollow and haul water home for making coffee. You see, Jack Daniel always said iron was murderous to the taste of sippin' whiskey. And from what our neighbors report, it doesn't do coffee a speck of good either.



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Burial Rights

CITY OF THE DEAD

by HERBERT LIEBERMAN

416 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$8.95.

People of the squeamish persuasion are a beleaguered lot these days. Their views are anything but chic, and their sensibilities are battered about like straw men each time a new entertainment hurls ever more graphic violence ("Not for the squeamish!") at the public eye and viscera. Perhaps squeamishness lacks defenders because sneering at it is both fashionable and surefire box office.

With the appearance of Novelist Herbert Lieberman's *City of the Dead*, the faint of stomach are in for yet another assault on their feelings. Yet pre-

JUDITH LIEBERMAN



NOVELIST HERBERT LIEBERMAN

Turning men into meat.

cisely because Lieberman's book, certainly the shocker of the summer, speeds up the already overaccelerated trend toward limitless carnage, it vividly raises an old, unpopular question: Might not the squeamish have a point after all?

If *City of the Dead* could be simply taken as a story of municipal corruption, numbingly thorough detective work and a father's anguished attempt to rescue his daughter from some kidnapers, it would make a diverting, if overlong read. But despite the novel's remarkable skill and intensity, it cannot be so taken. What separates Lieberman's book from the general run of hard-boiled adventure fiction is its encyclopedic attention to the subject of human corpses.

In the novel Dr. Paul Konig is chief medical examiner of New York City and a world-famous expert in forensic pathology. He is thus in a position to

view—anatomically and microscopically—the violence that human beings living in the city wreak upon one another. Understandably, the experience has instilled in Konig a morbid determinism that makes the Goncourt brothers look like Harpo and Chico Marx: "Gone now are February and March, season of drowned men, when ice on the frozen rivers melts, yielding up the winter's harvest of junkies, itinerants and prostitutes. Soon to come are July and August—the jackknife months. Heat and homicide. Bullet holes, knife wounds, fatal garrotings, a grisly procession vomited out of the steamy ghettos of the inner city."

To prevent Konig's spirits from soaring unexpectedly, Lieberman saddles him with other problems: two incipient scandals in his own department and a particularly troublesome batch of mismatched body parts dredged up from the East River. As if all this were not enough, Konig's daughter has fallen into the hands of some hoodlum revolutionaries. They make Konig listen in on the phone while they torture her.

Gore and Sadism. These massive doses of gore and sadism can, of course, be modishly defended. The artist must be granted his subject; only his execution of it is up for review. Lieberman is simply following the novelistic tradition (begun by Daniel Defoe) of piling up the minutiae in order to tell society about its own workings. Horribly mangled bodies and autopsy rooms exist, as do the dispassionate technicians who must clean up the messes that others create. Anyone who suggests that most of society might just as well remain ignorant of the reek of decay and formaldehyde is a prissy hypocrite who should be exposed to the cold light of artistic truth, etc., etc.

Yet it is no accident that civilization has made sacred rituals out of the decent burial of the dead. Individually and collectively, society may well be unable to endure a prolonged look at the physical aftereffects of death. The central mystery of existence—the end that unites everyone even as it divides them—cannot be reduced to ghoulish titillation without the possibility of serious consequences. Even in Shakespeare's most grotesque play, *Titus Andronicus* ("Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand"), the gruesome details are always treated as if they were unquestionably monstrous. But in *City of the Dead* the world is regarded as an autopsy table. Humanity is meat, whether dead or alive. To feel queasy in the presence of this book—and the tendency it embodies—is not necessarily prudish or cowardly. When the corpse being dismembered is that of the human imagination, it may be courageous—even necessary—to avert one's eyes.

Paul Gray

Self-Portrait in Gray

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR TO THIS PARTY?

by SLOAN WILSON

442 pages. Arbor House. \$12.95.

Sloan Wilson reports in these amiable memoirs that in 1955, after the vast sales of his novel *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, tailors sought him out and begged him to accept, gratis, suits of fine gray flannel. Wilson's book had already confirmed what everybody knew—that the gray flannel suit had become the uniform of some sort of success in a tall building in New York. Wilson felt that to wear one would be to indulge in ridiculous self-advertisement. It says something about the careful, rather unimaginative Wilson, as well as about the

ELIZABETH GEE



AUTOBIOGRAPHER SLOAN WILSON

Learning to survive success.

doleful plumage of the period, that when he finally did pick a free suit, his liberated choice was brown flannel.

A reader today finds it hard to see what seized the imagination of the country in Wilson's earnest novel of postwar listlessness. The prose is bland. The plot devices are those of what used to be called women's magazine fiction. Will Betsy forgive Tom for fathering an illegitimate child in Italy during World War II? Yes. Will a dishonest caretaker succeed in cheating Tom and Betsy out of an inheritance? No.

The novel does ask a better question, though. Tom, who has fought a hard war, now rides a commuter train and works at a corporate job. Shouldn't there be something more to life, he wonders dimly, than crawling up the salary ladder, moving from suburb to classier suburb? If the process by which a novel becomes a bestseller is not simply a ran-

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If you'd like to see how our new Commander I Cabinet can help you reduce roll towel waste and provide more uninterrupted towel service, write us on your business letterhead. We'll send one of our sales representatives over with a sample cabinet and a Commander I Savings Scale to show you how much you can save.

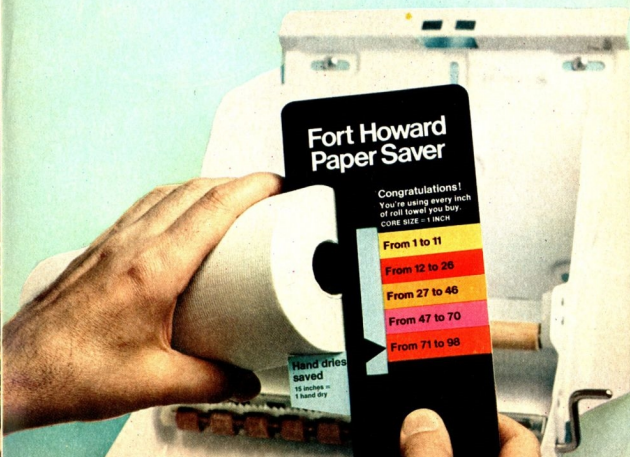
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dom phenomenon, like the winning of a lottery—a dubious proposition that wise old publishers brood about—then *Gray Flannel* owed its vogue to the fact that a lot of sad young men were thinking the way Tom was. Presumably they must have liked the novel's reassuring answer, which is, more or less, cherish your wife, vote yes on school bond issues, and existential despair will stay away from your door.

At 55, Wilson is more interesting than that, and his memoirs have a truer texture than his windfall novel. He was born into an Eastern family of faded affluence, whose wealth was more attitude than actuality. There was sufficient reality, however, that young Wilson could learn seamanship aboard the family yacht. When the U.S. entered World War II, he won a quick commission in the Coast Guard, and served eventually as commanding officer of a converted trawler assigned to the dangerous Greenland patrol. He learned to be a good skipper under the contemptuous eye of a great skipper, and one of his lessons was that he must make do with ability that stopped short of brilliance.

The hundred or so pages that take Wilson through his Coast Guard years would make a fine short sea novel. The writing, in general, is dogged, honest and unbrilliant, and to chronicle the Greenland patrol, those qualities are sufficient. The sea supplies the power and depth

missing in his dry-land work, just as similar sagas of water and war have served other journeymen writers well.

Doggedness and honesty are not a bad combination. The middle-aged, civilian part of Wilson's memoirs has its own interest. The writer survived his success, and even had a little fun with it. He watched his marriage to a beautiful and decent woman wind down to nothing, without understanding why it was happening. He then survived divorce and the period that has become the eighth age of modern man, in which the newly single 40-year-old gawks around like a teen-ager, wondering miserably how to get girls. He married again, with great love and luck, lived on a boat for five years, beat down alcoholism, watched his children grow, and went on honorably writing books that are not, now, much read. His years have been a skidway, but he has managed to observe the slide well. **John Skow**

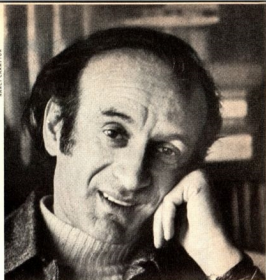
Notable

MESSENGERS OF GOD

by ELIE WIESEL

235 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

The Jew, observes Elie Wiesel, "feels closer to the prophet Elijah than to his next-door neighbor." Analyzing like a good modern, revering like a good Jew, Wiesel portrays in these essays the



ESSAYIST ELIE WIESEL

Adam wasn't even Jewish.

majestic figures of the Old Testament rather as if he were writing a memoir about beloved but salty grandfathers and great-uncles from the East Side. Certainly Moses and Cain and Abel and even Adam seem as pungently real to him as the Jews he knew as a child in Auschwitz and Buchenwald. In returning to the first Diaspora, the first murder, the first exile, Author Wiesel appears at last to have found a meaning, if not an excuse for the Holocaust he

Of all the best-selling 100's...

© Lorillard 1976



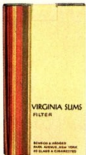
18 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nic.



19 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nic.



18 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nic.



16 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nic.

**True 100's
are lowest in tar.**



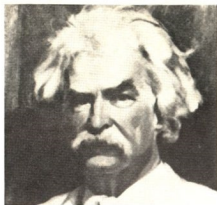
U.S. Gov't tests of all best-selling 100mm cigarettes show True 100's lowest in both tar and nicotine.
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Source: Tar and Nicotine—FTC Report April 1976.
Source: Sales Volume—Marwell Year End Report 1975.
Of all domestic brands, lowest yield:
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, 70 mm length, FTC Report April 1976. **TRUE 100's**: Regular 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Menthol 13 mg. "tar" 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

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Refitting the Delta Queen for her 1976 cruise season.
Cincinnati, Ohio



**"The man
with a new idea
is a crank
until the idea succeeds."**

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS
(MARK TWAIN)
Author

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BOOKS

has borne witness to so brilliantly and compulsively in haunted books like *One Generation After* and in plays like *Zalmen, or the Madness of God*.

Approaching his Old Testament archetypes the way they approached God, more or less as equals—at least in matters of conversation—Wiesel does not hesitate to judge their characters. When push comes to shove (and it often does in the Old Testament), he tends to like his piety muscular. He goes so far as to prefer Esau to Jacob, referring to Jacob (as well as Adam) as "a weakling." What he interprets as Job's bland "resignation" to God he calls "an insult to man." Job, he remarks, "should have continued to protest."

Adam ("singularly uninteresting") and Joseph ("not too appealing a human being") bore and offend him during their palmy days. Only after Adam's expulsion from Eden, only after Joseph's imprisonment do they qualify for his term of respect: "a tragic figure." Happiness, he concludes, is more corrosive than misery. "Work," "strive," "suffer," "begin again" are the verbs of history and the concepts that inspire Wiesel. In the honorable survival of those who have believed, he finds the examples he needs in order to behave and survive today. *Messengers of God*, finally, is as simple and direct as that.

The search for relentless relevance can go occasionally rhetorical, as in talk about "man's eternal quest for meaning, justice and truth." It can also turn a little too retroactive. Thus Abraham is labeled "the first angry young man" and Isaac becomes "the first survivor." But much may be forgiven an author who can look Adam in the eye and say, "Poor man: punished for nothing. And he wasn't even Jewish."

THE SPECTATOR BIRD

by WALLACE STEGNER
214 pages, Doubleday, \$6.95.

"How to live and grow old inside a head I'm contemptuous of, in a culture I despise." The voice belongs to Joe Allston, a retired talent agent who serves as protagonist of Wallace Stegner's latest novel. But the problem is one that seems to have much preoccupied Stegner himself. Author of such celebrated books as *Angle of Repose* and *Big Rock Candy Mountain*, and for years a teacher at Stanford University, Stegner is only 67 and still active. But for some time his narrators have been older people (70 and upward). They mount the crow's-nest of age to look back (and down) on current civilization. The resulting author's voice is full of a distinctive sardonic ruefulness that produces a style of its own.

Joe Allston, for example, describes himself as "a wisecracking fellow traveler in the lives of other people, and a tourist in his own." He is aching from rheumatoid arthritis but resents all treatment. "It irritates me to have



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NEW ISSUE

June 16, 1976

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You can get a full-color reproduction of this oil painting of the Danish Schoolship, Denmark—retail value \$15.00—and a 1-1/2 ounce pouch of Skandinavik pipe tobacco—both for only \$2.49.

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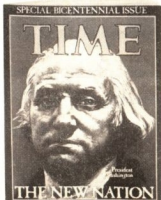
Relive the year they invented the United States...

TIME has just published a new Bicentennial special issue—THE NEW NATION—written as though TIME's reporters were on the scene the week of Sept. 26, 1789. That was the year we were putting together a new nation. The new Constitution became law. Our institutions and traditions were being invented from scratch. Just this week, the Bill of Rights was submitted to the states for approval. And President Washington was criticized for living too royally. (52 dozen bottles of fine wine for a recent dinner!)

THE NEW NATION is certain to become a collector's item and a sellout at newsstands. Active TIME subscribers at the time of publication received it as part of their regular subscriptions.

But, if you're not a subscriber, be sure to pick up your copy today wherever you buy magazines.

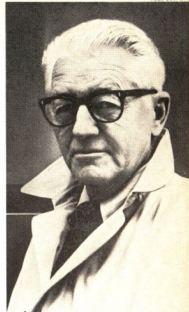
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BOOKS

ALEX GOTTFRED



WALLACE STEGNER
Two is company.

people blowing out my gas line and testing my spark plugs and feeling all over me for loose wires." His wife Ruth worries about him, and keeps urging him to write "something, anything." So he begins "the way a kid lost in the mountains might holler at a cliff just to hear a voice."

What Allston writes is a recollection of a trip to Denmark made 20 years earlier. It is, as Stegner admits, a gothic tale complete with a brief interlude with Baroness Karen Blixen herself and a teasingly slow revelation of the sins of the Danish aristocracy. Allston, looking for his ancestral past, concludes that many things are rotten in the state of Denmark, and always have been, as they are in any place the human race inhabits.

Bittersweet Process. For a man like Joe Allston, who lives off other men's talents and is a failed talent himself, the book becomes a study on how to survive in a world where "most things break, including hearts. The lessons of life amount not to wisdom, but to scar tissue and callus." The way of survival most celebrated here is the bittersweet process of an aging marriage. Allston muses in his closing coda: "The truest vision of life I know is that bird in the Venerable Bede that flutters from the dark into a lighted hall, and after a while flutters out again into the dark. But Ruth is right. It is something—it can be everything—to have found a fellow bird with whom you can sit among the rafters while the drinking and boasting and reciting and fighting go on below." Wallace Stegner's message seems to be that, as in the ark, mankind and other animals go more gently into that good night if they go two by two.

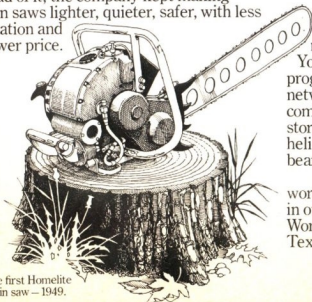
The Homelite story: how private enterprise creates a whole new market and the jobs that go with it.

Back in the thirties Homelite was a little company making small generators for farmers. During World War II, it made them for the armed forces—and the payroll grew to 1,800. But when the war ended, down went the demand for generators.

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The company knew a lot about making small, lightweight engines. What it needed was a new use for them. And it found one. Chain saws. Back then they weighed up to 100 pounds and took two men to operate. The first one Homelite made was a one-man design that weighed 38 pounds.

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But no market grows forever. Which is why Homelite has built a new research and engineering center, to develop new products and more jobs for the future.

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We think stories like these are worth telling. You'll find several of them in our booklet "How Private Enterprise Works at Textron". Just write: Textron, Providence, R.I. 02903.

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"One of the most fascinating yachting books to appear in recent years... a top class job of reporting... it reads like a novel, yet has the advantage of truth—truth I can vouch for having sailed with one principal protagonist both as his skipper and his crew... the dialogue is especially good.... Here is a book which triumphantly gets back to and into the people."—Jack Knights, international yachting writer.

"*The Grand Gesture* is a classic—maybe the only true modern classic—in yacht racing literature. People will be reading it for years... I have read nearly every book ever written about the America's Cup, and have even written one myself, and I can attest that no other one comes close to the real story behind the America's Cup."—Jeff Hammond, Associate Editor, *Yachting*

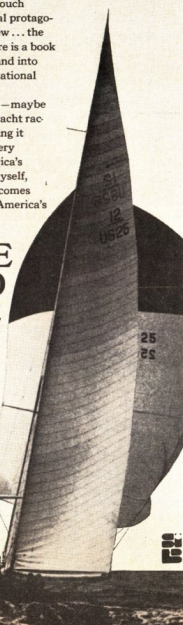
THE GRAND GESTURE

Ted Turner, Mariner,
and the America's Cup
Roger Vaughan

With 50 photos, \$10.00

An Alternate Selection of the
Dolphin Book Club
An Alternate Selection of the
Fortune Book Club

A Sports Illustrated Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



BOOKS

A FINE ROMANCE

by CYNTHIA PROPPER SETON
192 pages. Norton. \$7.95.

Readers who have an eye for danger signals will approach with extreme caution any novel that borrows its title from Cole Porter and its prose style from Henry James. But what wariness can possibly suffice if, in fact, the plot proves to deal with what surely must be the last of the Last Puritans from Boston, discovering during a bus trip with his family in decadent old Europe that he is a creature of passion as well as a man of reason? On top of Mount Etna and at the age of 53, yet!

Despite these ingredients of fictional disaster—plus a temptation to relate everything to "feminism"—*A Fine Romance* deserves a reading. Seton makes such charming, well-written excuses for her clichés: "There's an inherent plotlessness one has to contend with in the lives of civilized people, you see. Their marriages, divorces, are muted, cerebral. It puts a heavy burden on love affairs, do you see? They're the only credible climax left."

Will a reader, then, believe in salvation-by-adultery when proper Dr. Winters finally thaws with Alexia Reed, 35, who boasts "remarkable reddish-gold hair, green eyes, and a smacking style"? Hardly. But by then there's been a lot of lively conversation about Homer, Proust, Darwin and parenting, and Sicilian temples. Everybody talks just beautifully on Seton's bus. "The answer to the problem of alienation, to the difficulties of building a sense of community," she writes, "may be to put people on buses." It's not a bad way to keep an amiable but wobbling novel from going over a Sicilian cliff, either.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (1 last week)
- 2—The Deep, Benchley (2)
- 3—The Lonely Lady, Robbins (3)
- 4—1876, Vidal (4)
- 5—Agent in Place, MacInnes (6)
- 6—Crowned Heads, Tryon (7)
- 7—A Stranger in the Mirror, Sheldon (5)
- 8—Dolores, Susann
- 9—The West End Horror, Meyer (9)
- 10—The Blue Hammer, Macdonald

NONFICTION

- 1—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (1)
- 2—World of Our Fathers, Howe (3)
- 3—Scoundrel Time, Hellman (2)
- 4—The Rockefellers, Collier & Horowitz (6)
- 5—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson (4)
- 6—Passages, Sheehy (8)
- 7—A Year of Beauty and Health, Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (5)
- 8—The Russians, Smith (7)
- 9—Margot Fonteyn: An Autobiography, Fonteyn
- 10—Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream, Kearns (9)

Power to the Pedagogues

"This decision marks the end of our harassment, the end of our standing as second-class citizens." So said President John Ryor of the National Education Association before 9,000 NEA members in Miami Beach last week. The decision Ryor referred to: for the first time in its 119-year history, the NEA would endorse a presidential candidate. While the nod will not come until after the po-

there are, after all, 4,000 to 6,000 teachers in every congressional district.

The NEA's state and local affiliates have also been successful backing school-board members, city councilmen, state legislators, governors and congressmen. California Teachers Association funds went to all but three of the 54 Democratic state assemblymen elected in 1974, and the CTA is now rated, behind the oil lobby, as the most generous campaign contributor in the state. Indiana's state association is described by politicians there as being aggressive and

Who Should Pay for School?

While most New Jersey schoolchildren were enjoying their vacations last week, 88,000 other youngsters in summer-school programs had to change their plans. So did teachers and school administrators involved in scheduling for next fall. In an unprecedented move, the New Jersey Supreme Court at 12:01 a.m. on July 1 shut down the state's entire public school system. Reason: the state was not providing "thorough and efficient" education for all New Jersey children, as it was required to do by its constitution.

The lawsuit that finally precipitated the closing of the schools was filed in Jersey City in 1970 on behalf of Kenneth Robinson, 7. Like many other states, New Jersey has financed its schools largely by local property taxes. Young Robinson's lawyer argued that this system resulted in wide variations of expenditures and thus violated the constitution's "thorough and efficient" clause. In 1973 the state supreme court agreed with Robinson and charged the legislature to find other ways of financing the schools.

No Formula. Last year the legislators passed a new education act that 1) increased the state's share of costs, meaning that more money would come from sources other than local property taxes, and 2) provided for a more equitable distribution of the money. In January, the supreme court decided that the new law would do—if it were fully funded. Trouble was, when the state budget came out, the act was not funded at all. The court finally imposed a July 1 deadline, and the legislature tinkered for months with ways of raising the money, including trying to pass what had long been anathema to New Jersey conservatives—a state income tax. Even so, the assembly and the senate were not able to hit upon a tax formula that could pass both houses.

As the deadline drew near, the state's School Boards Association went to federal court to block the closing, charging that it violated students' constitutional rights. All eleven of the federal judges in New Jersey met to hear the arguments but decided, 9 to 2, not to enter the case. The schools, therefore, were closed, leaving State Education Commissioner Fred Burke with a thousand problems on his hands—including canceled classes for the handicapped and for migrants' children. Among Burke's concerns were the attitudes of high school students. Said he: "The way decisions are being made will make them even more cynical about government." At week's end the legislature, after two all-night sessions, was still deadlocked.



NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT JOHN RYOR IN MIAMI BEACH
"We're not considered nice, quiet Milquetoasts any more."

litical conventions, it is virtually certain that it will go to Jimmy Carter.

For those in Miami Beach, many sporting UNITED MIND WORKERS or FORD IS A PAIN IN THE CLASS buttons, the decision came as little surprise. Since 1972, the 1,800,000-member NEA, the largest public employee union in the country, has become increasingly active in politics. As Ryor put it: "We're not considered nice, quiet Milquetoasts any more."

Rich and Aggressive. If the NEA's track record is any indication, Carter can expect an effective campaign effort mounted on his behalf. In the 1974 elections, the NEA claims to have aided in the election of 80% of the congressional candidates it endorsed—250 out of 310. This year NEA-PAC, the political action committee of the union, plans to pour in more than \$700,000 to its candidates' campaigns (up from \$30,000 in 1972, the year NEA-PAC was founded). The NEA can also furnish campaign workers:

in the last election helped defeat Congressman Earl Landgrebe, a Republican who had consistently voted against education bills.

What do the teachers want from their candidates? Until the mid-'60s the NEA scorned the need for collective bargaining. But now more than a million teachers enjoy some degree of collective bargaining, and the union is asking legislators to extend that right to all public employees. The NEA wants a Secretary of Education in the Cabinet and would like to see the federal share of funding for public schools increase from the present 7.9% of the total cost to 33%, or \$22 billion.

According to critics, such an increase in federal funding would serve mainly to establish "a full-employment program for teachers." The newly militant NEA has other detractors. Complains California Assemblyman John Vasconcellos: "We never hear about kids, only about teachers."



RUDD & STREEP IN *HENRY V*

End As a Man

HENRY V
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Such was the heroic acting style of Laurence Olivier in the film of *Henry V* that it has somewhat distorted an entire generation's perception of the play.

The text is rather more ambiguous. Both Henry's character and his situation are fraught with parlous uncertainties. He has been a playboy prince who has boozed it up in the taverns with Falstaff. Does he possess the mettle for kingship? His men have divided hearts about the war in France. He must inspire them with "a little touch of Harry in the night." Before Agincourt he soliloquizes over the crushing burdens and terrible loneliness of royalty ("Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls . . . our children and our sins lay on the King! We must bear all").

Beginning the play as an erstwhile rakehell son, Henry (Paul Rudd) ends it as the lord of two realms who is planning to father an heir. The purpose of that utterly beguiling last-act courtship scene with Katherine (Meryl Streep) is, apart from statecraft, to show us that he has triumphantly undergone the arduous initiation rites of manhood.

With the heraldic pennants flying at Central Park's Delacorte Theater, Joseph Papp's production does not stint on pageantry. While the evening is workmanlike, it never truly evokes Shakespeare's "Muse of fire." Rudd's Henry seems apprenticed to his role rather than the master of it. Streep is a

potent charmer as Katherine. Since there is no admission charge, this is an enticing opportunity to follow Cole Porter's advice and "brush up your Shakespeare."
T.E. Kalem

Pinter Patter

DUCK VARIATIONS and SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO
by DAVID MAMET

For the past few seasons the Theater of the Absurd has seemed like an endangered dramatic species. Purebred examples of the genre, with their vaudevillian non sequiturs, wryly autumnal philosophizing about existence and wackily disconcerting knee-jerk humor, have become rare. In part, audiences have adjusted to the metaphysical void that permeates absurdist drama, the absence of meaning and purpose that so puzzled and infuriated them when the early Pinter plays appeared.

In *Duck Variations*, a bright young playwright, David Mamet, 28, displays the Pinter trait of wearing word masks to shield feelings and of defying communication in the act of communicating. Two garrulous old Jewish men, played with great sensitivity by Mike Kellin and Michael Egan, sit on a bench facing Lake Michigan and talk like lobotomized Talmudic scholars about the habits of ducks and other subjects of which they know virtually nothing yet speculate about with endless comic invention. What emerges is a vivid sense of their friendship, the fear of solitude, the inexorable toll of expiring lives.

The toll exacted in *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* is that of a torpedoed love affair. It might be called "Four's a Crowd." The boy (Peter Riegert) and the girl (Jane Anderson) have each been involved in cozy domestic relationships with homosexual roommates. Their chance to go straight, as it were, is blighted by the cruel disparagement of the new lovers by their former partners (F. Murray Abraham and Gina Rogers). This may not sound very funny, but at off-Broadway's Cherry Lane Theater, a most nimble cast unleashes a hailstorm of laughter.
T.E.K.

Heel's Angel

PAL JOEY
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by LORENZ HART
Book by JOHN O'HARA

Some shows have such vividly defined personalities that they defy any flaws in production. *Pal Joey* is that kind of show. This revival at Manhattan's Circle in the Square/Joseph E. Levine Theater certainly has its flaws; yet it remains an irresistible delight with enor-

mous verve, raffish insouciance and a musk of cynicism that somehow has the allure of perfume.

The Rodgers and Hart score, one of the most felicitous of their remarkable partnership, plays an undeniable role in the success of the evening. Songs like *Bewitched*, *Bothered and Bewildered*, *I Could Write a Book* and *Zip* belong in the U.S. musical theater's hall of fame. Hart's lyrics were seldom brisker or more uninhibited and Rodgers' tunes were rarely suaver or wittier.

Brechtian Book. Still, in this disastrous season for musicals, the lesson of *Pal Joey* is clear—the book's the thing. Musical comedies ignore that fact at their peril. John O'Hara's book has the spine of a skyscraper, with big-city sleaziness reflected in every panel of the glass-curtain wall. This is a Brechtian book in which a small-time heel, Joey (Christopher Chadman), with his naive boasts and shameless buttering-up, is latched onto by a rich, man-eating tigress named Vera (Joan Copeland), who loves him enough to stake him to a nightclub, but who coolly leaves him before he can leave her.

Copeland seems to sing with her loins and if Western Union ever puts out a Lustogram, it should hire her to deliver it. Chadman is pallid as Joey, rather like a gypsy dropped from the audition of *A Chorus Line*. His dancing, however, is always fluent, and the actual chorus line, under Margo Sappington's supple control, both creates and burlesques a raft of dance routines. *Pal Joey* is a modern *Beggar's Opera* richly adorned in the apparel of a prince's ransom.
T.E.K.

COPELAND & CHADMAN IN *PAL JOEY*

NEWS FLASH



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DE HAVILLAND SHARES THE SCENE WITH PHOTO OF FLYNN

LIZ GIVES JIMMY A SIGN OF SUPPORT



HITCH & MOREAU CHEEK BY JOWL



KRISTEN BOWEN

As that swashbuckling smoothie of yesteryear, **Errol Flynn** stole more than the hearts of teen-age moviegoers. He also stole scenes from Leading Lady **Olivia de Havilland**. "He would do awfully naughty things," recalls the actress, who first starred with Flynn in *Captain Blood* (1935) when she was 19. "He would sometimes upstage me and take unfair advantage, which disturbed me deeply." Olivia, who went on to win two best-actress Oscars, was in New York to launch a seven-city eleven-week retrospective of Warner Bros. films—including three from the Flynn-De Havilland partnership (*The Adventures of Robin Hood*, *They Died with Their Boots On* and *Captain Blood*). "I really did have a crush on Errol," concedes Olivia. "And we were a great romantic pair on the screen. It was just some mysterious chemical thing."

There was little suspense but much good will in Hollywood last week when the French National Film Office dubbed Englishman **Alfred Hitchcock**, 76, Commander of the National Order of Arts and Letters. To add glamour to the presentation, the French called on the services of **Jeanne Moreau**, 48, the renowned French actress who has just directed her first movie, *La Lumière*, and is in the U.S. arranging for its distribution. After graciously getting permission from Mrs. Hitchcock, Moreau bestowed a delicate kiss on one Hitchcockian jowl. The beaming director returned the favor, responding, "*J'embrasse toute la France*."

"If I had started out as a drawing-room comic, people would have typecast me as that," insisted Actor **Clint Eastwood**, 46, who instead made his mark as the gunslinging hero of corpse-strewn westerns (*High Plains Drifter*;

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly). Last week he rode into Sun Valley, Idaho, for a screening of *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, his new film about a post-Civil War outcast on the run. In Eastwood's audience: some 200 academicians, actors and film critics who had gathered for a six-day conference titled "Western Movies: Myths and Images." And what of Eastwood's own image? "I've untyped myself to some degree," he says. But he hasn't dropped his gun. His next movie: an up-to-the-minute shoot-'em-down titled *The Enforcer*.

Although **Jimmy Carter** is against forced bussing, he did not have the cheek to turn down a kiss from **Elizabeth Taylor** when she rushed forward to greet him during a campaign fund raiser at New York's Waldorf-Astoria hotel last week. Nor did the likely Democratic presidential nominee have a vote in hand: Liz is a British subject.

While speaking before a group of Indianapolis businessmen, former South Viet Nam Premier **Nguyen Cao Ky** was asked why the Saigon government had been unable to unite the Vietnamese people. It was "weak, corrupt and made too many errors," he answered. And had Ky been a villain? "I was not corrupt," retorted the exiled leader. "Perhaps that is the only thing I regret, because I have realized, after 14 months in this country, the value of money, whether it is clean or dirty."

Happily, all went peacefully at a Buckingham Palace powwow marking the 100th anniversary of treaties between the ancestors of six Canadian Indians and Elizabeth's great-great-grand-mum **Queen Victoria**. The Indians had surrendered 163,900 sq. mi. in Alberta and Saskatchewan in exchange for a

EASTWOOD PLUGS A NEW MOVIE



QUEEN ELIZABETH CONSIDERS THE FEATHERS BUT NOT THE FUSS

PEOPLE

guarantee of hunting and fishing rights. A dam in the area has made that promise a debt unpaid, however, and in 1967 the Indians complained to **Queen Elizabeth**. "She said she would look into the matter," recalls Chief **John Snow**. The Indians are now seeking redress in a legal court instead of a royal one, so last week Snow and his colleagues decided not to commit lese majesty. "We talked about the feathers in my headdress," said Snow. Great White Mothers, apparently, are pretty much like Great White Fathers: not too helpful.

Henry Kissinger "oozed conceit from every pore," **John Mitchell** was "the most efficient Attorney General we have had for a long, long time," and Mississippi Senator **John Stennis** of filibuster fame is "one of the broadest-minded Americans I ever knew." Those views of Vermont Republican **George Aiken**, 83, dean of the U.S. Senate until his retirement last year, were published recently in his *Senate Diary, January 1972-January 1975* (The Stephen Greene Press). One noteworthy Aikenism based on 34 years in the Senate: "The politicians I have known are no greater or lesser sinners than the average person listed in the telephone book."

They came not to harry Harry but to help him. **Harry Reems**, that is, the actor convicted on obscenity charges in Tennessee for his singular stint with **Linda Lovelace** in *Deep Throat*. When **Mike Nichols**, **Colleen Dewhurst**, **Ben Gazzara**, **Gay Talese** and **Ramsey Clark** gathered last week at a New York fund raiser for Reems' appeal, the talk was of civil liberties, not licentiousness. The celebrities fear that allowing Bible Belt morality to cinch Harry's trousers will stifle creativity. "It's not about taste," said Nichols. "It's about freedom of expres-

sion. People should be free to explore anything they are moved to." A second worry: the Reems case sets a precedent for criminal prosecution of actors whose movie roles may be deemed obscene in some localities but not in others.

It was enough to make an eagle blush. There, dressed in her victory sash and shoes, before a gala Bicentennial backdrop was San Diego's own **Nona Montague**, 28, who had just been crowned Miss Nude U.S.A. in San Bernardino, Calif. Among the 17 judges was Comedian **Bill Dana**. "I found the sexiest part of the day to be when the girls first came out to be judged," reports Dana. "They all had their clothes on. When they disrobed, it lost a little."

Former Federal Judge **G. Harrold Carswell**, who once aspired to a seat on the Supreme Court, was in a Florida hospital suffering from "nervous exhaustion and depression" last week and facing a court case of no grandeur. Carswell, 56, a 1970 Nixon nominee to the high bench whom the Senate rejected (51 to 45) after disclosure of his racist statements and mediocre court record, has been charged by a grand jury with "battery" and "attempting to commit an unnatural and lascivious act." According to State Attorney Harry Morrison, Carswell, now a Florida lawyer and bankruptcy referee, struck up a conversation with another man in a Tallahassee shopping center rest room that was under police observation as a homosexual meeting place. The pair, said Morrison, drove



NONA DISPLAYS HER BICENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY SUIT

off in Carswell's car and parked in a wooded area where Carswell "actually and intentionally" touched his companion, a police undercover agent who responded by making an arrest. Carswell, who is married and has four children, has denied any wrongdoing.

Not many people would write "Dear Popo" or "Dear Eppie" for advice on love or etiquette, so the celebrated sisters became **Abigail Van Buren** and **Ann Landers** when they went into the counseling-by-column business. But back in Sioux City, Iowa, last week they were Popo (Pauline Esther) and Eppie (Esther Pauline) Friedman again at the 40th reunion of their high school class. Abby was amazed that 300 of the 400 in the original class turned out: "I figured only the thin and the rich would attend." Did her old classmates seek Abby's advice? "Well, a few asked for my private address so they could send me letters."